

indulge me

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Summary

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And if you think about it -

Eight months is a long time with just her fingers.

"Jack." Samira says and the reaction it elicits immediately sets her heart pounding. Dr. Abbot - Jack - inhales sharply, eyes widening. He takes a step forward, pure instinct driven, before stopping himself. And, oh. There's a power that she suddenly feels, coursing through her veins and setting her blood on fire.

"Walk me home?"

(pure smut loosely inspired by a tweet where someone said they want abbot to talk mohan through it.)

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

I wrote this in six hours with absolutely no fact-checking.

The only reason Samira shows up, in retrospect, is because her date is shit.

She pushes her way into the pub, past some of the nurses she recognizes from night shift and some folks she's never seen before. It's a welcome surprise - she hadn't pegged Dr. Robby as someone with friends outside of the hospital.

Running a hand through her curls, Samira scans the packed room. Her eyes fall first on the bartender and then on Dr. Robby a couple feet away and yes, that is the perfect order. The buzz from dinner has worn off and Samira wants to quiet some of the more persistent thoughts as soon as possible.

It's when she's nearly at the bar that she spots him.

Dr. Jack Abbot leans against a high-top table, looking like he'd rather be anywhere than the conversation he's currently locked into. Samira would bet money that he posted up with his back to the wall so he would have a perfect surveillance point of the whole establishment. She nearly rolls her eyes at what a walking cliché he is, except she blinks and he's looking directly at her.

Samira watches as Dr. Abbot's mouth flattens and then twitches, watches as he swallows and his Adam's apple bobs, watches as his eyes flit down the length of her in less than a second.

She should have fucking changed.

It's nothing scandalous, which is almost more irritating. The skirt is simply different from her usual scrubs - wouldn't anything be? - and she'd put a hint of effort into her appearance because she wasn't really interested in her date, per se, but she was very interested in getting laid.

Eight months. Eight *months*.

It's a long time, okay.

The guy was fine, nothing too exciting but also nothing too threatening - the perfect amount of bland for Samira to spend a night with if it meant she got lucky at the end. She tolerated the inane conversation, smiled and laughed (genuinely!) at all the right moments, complimented his work. She was positive the night was cinched except he had walked her back against the exposed brick of the restaurant exterior - that was quite nice - and then tried to stick his tongue down her throat.

Samira was tired.

Not because her shifts were long, not because Robby still wasn't clear about how much or how little he wanted her with the patients, not because her research funding was being threatened by the current shitheads in power.

At thirty years old, Samira was tired of having to teach men how to please her.

Dr. Abbot probably wouldn't have to be taught anything.

Samira's head whips so quickly towards the bartender she hears the crick before the pain lances through her.

Where the fuck had *that* come from?

It had been two months since the "shift from hell," as she had so lovingly deemed it. That designation changed, of course, every six to eight months because there was only so much time before the next perfect storm hit the ER. PittFest, though, had left it's indelible mark on her and the rest of the day shift.

A lot could happen in two months.

For example, Samira had decided to cut her hair a little shorter than she normally did and then realized no one would notice since she wore her hair up at work.

For example, Samira started weekly yoga because a pinch had formed in her lower back and god damn it, she was a new thirty, she wasn't old.

For example, Samira worked with Dr. Abbot a couple more times than she expected.

Dr. Abbot was great. Different than Dr. Robby, not necessarily better or worse. Just...different. She couldn't exactly put a finger on it. She liked that Dr. Robby was vulnerable with his colleagues, liked what a great leader he was while simultaneously trying to push back against the power hierarchy of the department, liked that he seriously considered her suggestions even if he took his sweet time coming back and telling her so.

She liked that Dr. Abbot was also a good leader, was both organized and able to adapt in a moment's notice. She liked that he gave them a bit more leeway than Dr. Robby when it came to making their own decisions, but always made them justify the *why*. She liked that he was willing to be a bit unconventional, was willing to stand up for his residents, students, and fellows.

(She liked the way he looked at her -)

Their shifts rarely overlapped except when they did and, when they did, Samira was Dr. Abbot's right hand woman. She's not sure how exactly she fell into this role - neither of them talked about it and they didn't see each other outside of the ER - but she really, really liked how right it felt. She pushed him, he pushed her. There was a confidence brewing in her that she had started and Dr. Robby had cupped his hands around, but that Dr. Abbot was helping fan into a broad flame.

All this to say - Samira liked Dr. Abbot, a lot. As a colleague. She definitely didn't have a certain dream that kept -

No need to lie, Samira.

"Can I get a gin and tonic? Please." Samira tacks on as the bartender starts putting together her drink. She keeps her gaze forward, decides she'll have one drink, she'll make one set of rounds, and then she'll get the hell out of here before she does something she regrets.

Samira should know not to make promises she doesn't want to keep.

"If I didn't know any better, Dr. Mohan, I'd think you were avoiding me."

Samira looks over her shoulder, her ass firmly planted on the stool she had commandeered after hovering purposefully around its previous occupant.

Dr. Abbot rests his forearms on the bar, nodding at the bartender. Samira - two drinks in, which means she's only slightly tipsy but way more relaxed than she usually is - lets her gaze trail across his exposed forearms, across the veins that stand out so prominently. Across his corded neck and up to his face where he wears the barest hint of a smirk.

Fuck, she never was very subtle.

Samira returns her attention to the room, pointedly ignoring him. Ignoring, not avoiding.

"Nice that you came." He continues, taking a swig from the fresh beer bottle. Turning, he mirrors her pose, elbows resting on the wood.

"We all love Dr. Robby. It's good to show it, to remind ourselves who's in our corner." She finishes her drink and waves off the bartender's inquiry into a refill. This is her sweet spot, plus she's planning on saying her goodbyes soon. She hadn't gotten laid, but she'd spent time with her friends and that'd suffice, at least for tonight.

"Mhm." Dr. Abbot hums in acquiescence and she glances over quickly. His eyes scan the room, a curated nonchalance on his face that she knows only goes so deep. "Were you on a date?"

Samira's mouth falls open, but there's no point in denying. "There's no way you could know that."

His eyes flit over, the smirk more pronounced. "Your hair's down, you've got makeup on, and you're wearing what's obviously an outfit for a date."

She scoffs. "I can want to look nice for my coworker's party." Crossing her arms, Samira shifts to face him fully. "Try again." She's not sure why she's pushing, but there's a challenge in the statement and it sends a thrill down her spine when Abbot clearly rises to the bait.

He leans down, face close - he's only this close when they're working on a patient and Samira tries to keep her face impassive. Somehow his words are crystal clear over the din of the crowded bar. "You dropped a condom from your purse when you paid earlier."

Samira reels back and her panicked gaze darts to the floor. There, perfectly strewn under her hanging bag, is a lone foil packet.

Her boot slams down over it automatically.

"Oh my god." She whispers, covering her face.

"If that's for your coworkers party, I'll get out of your hair then." Dr. Abbot laughs and she swears she can feel it against the growing heat of her cheek.

"Oh my god." She reiterates and lets herself wallow for only three more seconds before remembering who she is. Samira sits up straight and looks Abbot directly in the eye.

His eyebrow raises, surprised by the abrupt change but clearly intrigued.

"Yes, I was on a date. No, I did not come here planning to have sex with any of my colleagues." Samira states, though she has the wherewithal to keep her voice down. The two of them are secluded, but she has zero interest in being the prime target of the gossip mill come Monday.

"Mhm." Abbot hums again, sipping his beer. "Date didn't go well, I take it?"

Samira sighs, weighing how much she's willing to give him to satiate his curiosity. "No."

His eyebrow jumps again.

"He just wasn't...for me." Illusive, perfunctory.

Abbot isn't buying it.

"He was a shit kisser, alright?" Samira grumbles and Abbot nods once, finally turns away from her and she finds she can breathe again.

A minute goes by, two, and then Samira is opening her mouth to make a hasty exit when there's a whisper in her ear.

"What an absolute shame."

When she can blink, Dr. Abbot has disappeared.

Samira clenches her thighs and pretends she imagined their entire encounter.

Samira shrugs on her coat and fluffs out her hair, giving Dr. Robby one last hug. "Happy birthday, Robby."

He responds with his thanks, with a reminder to stay safe, with a check to see if anyone else is leaving, maybe they could go with her -

She simply laughs as Dr. Collins drags him back into the fray with an exasperated sigh.

Shouldering out the way she came, Samira heaves a breath as she breaks out the door and into the frigid air of Pittsburgh. Tucking her hands into her pockets, she does a check to make sure she has everything and turns right -

Dr. Abbot takes a deep inhale of a cigarette, jacket tucked around him and braced against the cold. He doesn't catch sight of her right away, and it's for that reason alone, she convinces herself, that she stares.

Samira thinks he's younger than he looks; salt-and-pepper hair, stubble, exhausted lines carved into his face. She can imagine a young version of Jack Abbot starting out as a spunky, slightly cocky doctor - similar to Santos, she thinks with a grimace. Or maybe he grew into the certainty, a quiet student, keenly observational and cautious of fucking things up. Or maybe he was an army medic from the beginning, maybe he's always looked this exhausted.

She can tell the second she's been made. His posture tightens, back straightening up. He doesn't look at her but he knows she's there and Samira has no interest in sending his hackles rising this late at night.

"Thought those things killed?" Samira braves against the distance and she doesn't fight the smile that forms when his shoulders drop, when he stubs out the cigarette and finally looks up.

"Doctors are liars, think I've heard that." Abbot observes the empty

sidewalk. "You headed home?"

"Yup." Samira nods, but makes no move.

"Got a shift tomorrow?" He cocks his head.

"Nope." Samira responds.

The electricity confuses her as much as it excites her, because Samira is not a rule-breaker in the traditional sense. The 'taboo', the 'illicitness' - that doesn't do it for her. In fact, Samira is distinctly wary of men in positions of power who like to laud it over pretty, young girls.

This isn't that, is what she knows.

Abbot is all restraint, all talk and no bite. She knows he's been flirting with her, knows it as clearly as she knows that if she ever showed a flicker of discomfort, he'd back off immediately. Hell, he'd probably permanently take himself off her shifts if he could get away with it.

Samira knows he's been flirting with her, because she'd discovered weeks ago she's been flirting right back.

And if you think about it -

Eight months is a long time with just her fingers.

"Jack." Samira says and the reaction it elicits immediately sets her heart pounding. Dr. Abbot - *Jack* - inhales sharply, eyes widening. He takes a step forward, pure instinct driven, before stopping himself. And, oh. There's a power that she suddenly feels, coursing through her veins and setting her blood on fire. Samira knows now, without a shadow of a doubt, that she was always going to have to be the instigator.

"Walk me home?"

Samira Mohan loves many things. She loves the cafe that's two blocks away from her apartment and makes the best Adeni Chai she's had in the city. She loves her job and her research, even though they both make her want to rip her hair out sometimes. She loves cats and she loves movies that make her cry and she loves spending her days off

traveling - to different countries, states, neighborhoods, it doesn't matter.

But what Samira loves, more than most other things, is when she's fucking right.

Her apartment door slams shut and she hears the lock click into place as she's pushed against it. She has no time to kick off her boots, to lose her coat, to rid herself of her purse. She has no time for anything before Jack Abbot's lips are pressed against hers.

She fucking *knew* he'd be good at this.

One of his hands - those quick, dexterous hands she's watched work for months - cups her cheek and the kiss is insistent but not hard. He angles her slightly, their height much closer with her boots helping. It's a control she's willing to concede when his lips fit between hers, when his other hand slithers onto her waist, around the bulky fabric of her coat. She can't remember when she shut her eyes - doesn't matter now, of course - and she falls into the feeling, the months of tension finally reaching its breaking point.

Jack shifts and her hands come up, grab onto the lapel of his jacket and keep him exactly where he is. She can feel the smile against her lips, decides to try and erase it. She sucks on his lower lip, lets her teeth sink in for a second. The hand on her cheek slides into her hair, collects a handful at her scalp, and tugs with only the barest hint of force.

Samira's eyes fly open.

"Couldn't stop thinking about this gorgeous hair all night." Samira fights the full body shudder, refuses to let him see the effect of his words, of his voice. It's low and pointed, and suddenly the layers upon layers are stifling.

"Off." She mutters and there's an abrupt emptiness in front of her. She blinks and Jack is a foot away from her, hands flexing at his side. Samira bites the inside of her cheek, narrows her eyes. Likes the way his gaze track her movements as she unbuttons and lets her coat drop to the ground, her purse following. "I meant our clothes. But good to know you follow instructions so well."

He takes an enormous breath, perhaps to steady himself, and Samira prefers when he's back within grabbing distance again. Jack leans in and Samira puts a hand on his neck. She doesn't grab, doesn't curl her

fingers - she simply stops him in his tracks.

(She does file the slight uptick of his breathing away for later, though.)

"I'm exactly where I want to be." Samira says, maintaining eye contact. "I appreciate your vigilance, but I want this. And I will let you know if that changes at any point, with a resounding *no*. Which I expect would be understood."

Jack nods, and then the corner of his mouth twitches up. "Was never planning on treating you with kid gloves."

"Good." Samira says and pulls her hand away. Jack's lips are on hers before she can take a full breath, and she responds enthusiastically. Her hands push under his collar, slide his jacket off. She tosses her wrists over his shoulders, dragging him in closer. She can feel his hand span the width of her lower back, palm a brand through her sweater.

She feels his tongue at the seam of her mouth and now, she's ready. Now, she's eager to know exactly what he tastes like. She arches off the door at the first pass of his tongue against hers and he grunts into her mouth. His hand glides down, squeezes at her ass before sliding back up and there's the wonderful sensation of his fingers against her bare skin.

Samira breaks away to suck in air, and Jack takes this opportunity to turn his attention elsewhere. He presses kisses to her jawbone, down her neck, pausing for a second at the spot she knew she dabbed perfume on earlier. The thought flits through her mind until she feels his lips latch onto her skin. She gasps, hand coming to rest against the back of his head, keeping him against her. He works her over, a jarring alternation between gentle pecks and harsh sucks. Jack moves with a surety that sets her teeth on edge and she's about to pull him back when he finds a spot she didn't know existed.

"Oh." Samira makes a noise - a strange something between a hiccup and a moan - and then Jack is flush against her, panting in her ear.

"Fuck, I did hope you'd make some pretty noises for me."

Samira's vision goes a little hazy at the corner because there's a lot happening at once and she's not sure she's ever felt this keyed up. Her heart is pounding in her chest, her panties are starting to get uncomfortably sticky, and she's relatively sure she can feel Jack's

erection against her thigh.

"I -" She starts except she has no idea what she wants to say. There's so much less fumbling than she's used to and it hits Samira that she's always been the one in charge with her sexual partners. They followed her lead and she was more than content telling them exactly what to do - it was usually the only way she'd guarantee an orgasm, after all.

But Jack is...Jack is ten years her senior, probably closer to fifteen. There's no awkward dawdling, no second guessing, no faltering. A sense of relief floods into Samira's nervous system and she sags against the door. Jack, as she suspects, is there to hold her up.

"I don't have to teach you a damn thing, do I?" Samira whispers against his cheek, almost purrs at the scrape of his stubble against her smooth skin.

She feels him pause and then a chuckle follows. "There's plenty I have to learn from you, Mohan." She hides the dopey smile in his neck. "But for this, I'd say you're in pretty good hands."

"They're really nice hands." She agrees and his chuckle grows louder. Finally, Samira leans back and kisses him, licks into his mouth and swallows the groan he lets out.

Jack pulls back, hands appearing at her waist. She raises her arms obediently, lets him relieve her of her sweater and all she's left in is her bra, her rucked up skirt, and - damn it, her fucking boots are still on.

She tilts her chin up, tries to catch his attention and ask for a kiss without actually asking. But Jack is tracing her exposed skin with a heated gaze, pupils blown with a hunger that has Samira clenching around nothing.

"Can I tell you what I'd like to do with these nice hands of mine?" He starts at the band of her bra and trails down, his fingers pressing into each divot of her rib cage as if he's counting.

Samira nods, finds that's all she really can do.

"I'd like to push your skirt up and see how wet you are. And then I'd like to eat you out, for as long as you'll let me or until I pass out from exhaustion, whichever comes first."

Samira swallows, her throat dry. Jack pauses in his ministrations and

ducks his head to catch her eye. "I was in the military and I'm the night shift attending, I wouldn't worry too much about exhaustion."

Oh and she has many questions about that, except her brow furrows because she's finally processing the first part. "Wait - you only wanna do that?"

He chuckles, slides his palms up her sides again. "You sayin' *only* makes me think you don't understand the full extent of this situation." He pauses, eyeing her for a moment. "Or maybe people haven't taken care of you the way they should have."

She goes to open her mouth, goes to interject except Jack captures her lips in a kiss bordering on tender and then sighs into her mouth.

"Samira."

She realizes with a start it's the first time he's said her name.

"I'm getting on my knees now, okay?"

Jack Abbot is a man true to his word.

(Has Samira mentioned how much she loves being right?)

"*Fuck*." Samira cries out, head pressing back into the apartment door with force. She clenches at the silky fabric in her hand, mindful to keep it high enough so that she can watch him but not too high that it covers her breasts. Just like Jack told her to.

She feels him groan, focuses on that and not the sounds that keep escaping her lips, not the sounds he's drawing from her core.

He had told her she was drenched, with a sort of reverence that made Samira blush. (Samira didn't blush.)

His tongue darts out and into her core, and the leg that he had thrown over his shoulder jerks against his back. His hand tightens around her thigh, the other pressing low on her abdomen, two fingers spreading

her open for him.

His tongue tracks a path up and finds her clit once again, kitten licks lulling her into a false sense of safety before he sucks and hollows out his cheeks. Samira can't help the pitiful moan, one hand releasing the grasp of her skirt and finding purchase in his hair.

Jack retreats and Samira feels like crying.

"God, you're fucking stunning." He looks surprised at the words, like he had meant to scold her for letting her skirt drop and instead was mesmerized into praise.

"Jack, please." She says and she's not begging, not in earnest. He may be good, but he's not -

"Please, what?" He asks, except it's in the same tone he sometimes uses in the pit, and *fuck*.

"You -" She pants out, eyes darting around. "You know what."

Jack shakes his head, almost mournful. His hands haven't moved a muscle and he refuses to return to her dripping pussy. "I don't. You're the smartest one in this room, Mohan, so tell me."

And god, she would swear she didn't have a praise kink before meeting Jack fucking Abbot.

"Grab your skirt." He commands and then immediately softens. "Please. I want to see you. Hold your skirt and tell me what you want me to do."

Samira stares down at the man - this fucking man - on his knees, her own slick glistening on his chin, on his lips. And something in Samira snaps. "I want you to do what you said you would do. I didn't say to stop - are you exhausted already, Dr. Abbot? Guess all that training doesn't matter after a certain age."

A silence, so profound, falls on her apartment.

Jack stares up at her, so still he could be mistaken for a statue. And then Samira watches his eyes flash, watches a grin so feral form on his face that she wonders if she should be afraid. "You're fucking trouble."

He doesn't give her the opportunity to form another word against him.

Jack devours her with all the skill and fervor of a man who believes -

truly - that there is nothing better than this kind of pleasure. His tongue starts a steady, relentless pace against her clit and it's less than two minutes later that Samira jolts out of her daze.

Her bottom lip rips itself out from between her teeth. "Jack, I'm gonna -!"

It doesn't matter, anyway. Jack's pace is steady, sure, and within seconds, Samira's mouth is opening with a wordless moan. Her orgasm hits her and she clenches her hands into her skirt, holds onto the smallest amount of sanity so she doesn't grind into Jack's face. She rides out wave after wave, thighs shaking until finally she can catch her breath again.

Except, her thighs won't stop shaking.

Except, her core keeps tensing and her eyes won't open and -

Jack hasn't stopped.

Jack continues the onslaught against her clit and Samira gives a quick tug at his hair.

"Jack, I - *shit* - I came, I -" Her words stop at a particularly clever swipe of his tongue. Jack, mouth still working her over, glances up. His eyes are dark, his brow set with determination.

Samira realizes, with a growing sense of trepidation, that perhaps she has absolutely no idea what she got herself into.

He manages to readjust his grip on her thigh without slowing his pace, and she's still staring down at him with a mixture of arousal and disbelief when she feels a pressure at her core.

Oh fuck, *oh fuck*.

There's no hesitancy, no resistance as he slides a finger into her - her orgasm has made her pliant under (above) him. He crooks it immediately, pressing once, twice, maneuvering as if he's searching for -

"Abbot!" Samira cries out and this time, her head slams backwards. The sound is loud and Jack jerks, pulling away faster than she thought possible.

"Hey, no concussions." He frowns and waits for her to flutter her eyes

open again. "You're alright?"

She wonders if he'll ask her to list off all the possible symptoms of a concussion. She has to bite back the delirious giggle, but she nods all the same. "Yeah, I'm -"

He gets his proof of life and promptly decides that's good enough.

Whiplash. It must feel like this, Samira manages to think, as she grinds down onto Jack's two fingers, onto his tongue's attention on her clit.

She's lost all sense of time, of pretense. She's shameless, and that's okay she's decided. She doesn't try to cover her mouth, doesn't try to stifle the sounds leaking from her mouth; it's a truly fruitless endeavor, but it also seems to drive Jack crazy and she's not above playing dirty.

Mainly, Samira has decided, she would simply like to orgasm again.

Jack replaces his tongue with his thumb - whether it's for respite or not, Samira doesn't care. She quite likes his thumb, actually, because it's as agile as the rest of his hand. She glances down and sees Jack leaning against her thigh, panting heavily but watching her with this wicked smirk on his face. She doesn't like how much it sets her off.

Jack's wrists twists and his fingers press down, hard, and Samira chokes out a whine - a new sound. She swears she feels the temperature shift, the way Jack's shoulder stiffens under her thigh, the way his fingers press again and again on that exact spot, attempting to draw out the sound. She's past caring, hovering at the precipice of so close, she -

"Come on, Samira." His voice drifts up to her and Samira clenches around his fingers instinctually, receiving a groan for her effort. "I know you want to come. You look so beautiful when you do. Such a beautiful woman."

She grinds down harder against his thumb, suddenly teetering on the edge and oh fuck, it hasn't felt like this before, it hasn't felt -

"Such a beautiful *doctor*."

Samira almost bites her tongue. "Bastard!" And then white stars burst behind her eyelids as Samira comes, harder than she ever has. She releases a gasp but any other sound is trapped within her as she constricts, nearly folds into herself as spasms wrack her body. It lasts another couple of seconds and then she exhales shakily, grabbing blindly at the door behind her, at the bookshelf somewhere to her side.

This time, Jack's fingers slow with her breathing, coax some last shudders from her before coming to a full stop. She doesn't have time to express any sort of gratitude before he's up, with a bruising kiss and a groan.

"Is that because of me or your knees?" She can't seem to stop smiling.

"Both." He huffs out and that gets a real laugh from her. His hand stays on her thigh, rubbing into the muscle and she almost stops him before she understands - he held it over his shoulder for so long, it's likely to cramp. Her heart thumps, heavy in her chest. "Turn around, Samira."

Pulling back, she gapes at him. "I can't -"

"I'm going to take your boots off." Jack cocks his head. "What'd you think I was gonna do?"

Samira sucks on her teeth, a clear stand-off between the two of them. "Exactly that."

"Well, good." He takes a step back, the picture of nonchalance except for the bulge in his pants. Her eyes dart down once, twice, and then she turns around to ignore that stupid, cocky smirk he throws at her.

Samira presses her hands into the apartment door and breathes out, limbs feeling loose and unsteady. She hears Jack behind her, feels his hands at her knee, at her calf, unzipping her boot and then sliding it off, placing her foot carefully back on the ground. She swallows against the lump in her throat. He does the same thing on the other side, ritualistic in his attentiveness.

Samira is about to turn around when she feels his hands dancing up the backs of her legs, over the material of her skirt. There's a whisper of his breath at her back, at her neck and then he is unzipping her skirt. The fabric drops, pools at her feet. His fingers trail up and Samira knows she's shaking slightly, knows there are goosebumps all over her body. He unhooks her bra, slides the straps delicately off her

shoulders. It joins her skirt and all he says is, "step out", before collecting the material and joining her panties wherever he had thrown them earlier.

Samira stares at her apartment door, chest heaving at the feeling of being fully naked. Before she can turn around, before she can turn the tide and finally regain some control of this night, she feels Jack plaster himself against her back, fully dressed.

"You -" She starts, because this is starting to feel a bit unfair, starting to feel -

"Samira Mohan, you extraordinary being." Jack breathes against her neck and Samira freezes. She glances down, his fingers cupping her ribs again and slotting his fingers into place. "I cannot believe a single person has ever let you go." Without her heels, he now stands a couple of inches taller than her and she can tell that he's dipping down to nip at her ear. It sends a shiver down her spine. "I cannot believe how lucky I am to be able to taste you. To watch you come."

"Jack."

"Fuck, to hear my name come out of those sweet lips." His voice is low, though its rough and fraying at the edges. Samira swallows, wondering what Dr. Jack Abbot losing control would really look like. "Can you come again for me?"

Samira's eyes widen and she finally notices that his hands have been drawing patterns in her skin, one circling upwards, the other down. His one hand traces the underside of her breast, gives a gentle squeeze - but her body is too keyed up from two orgasms and she bucks in his hold.

Jack grunts, pushes back instinctively and she can feel him, hard and wanting against her ass. It's pure instinct that has her pressing back again in retribution, suddenly desperate to feel him.

He hisses, but his other hand grasps at her hip, holding her in place. He doesn't push her away but he doesn't let her grind back either. "You want it?"

She doesn't know how to respond but he takes the opportunity to swipe a thumb across her nipple and her head turns, trying to stifle the sound in her shoulder.

"Oh, no. Don't do that, you know I wanna hear you." He nudges his

forehead into her temple and there's a nice sort of intimacy in that movement. She smiles, bites at her lip.

"Thought you were gonna eat me out. That was the deal, wasn't it?" Samira doesn't usually tease as much, but she finds she likes Jack's reactions. Likes riling him up. Likes what it gets her, too.

He places a gentle kiss to her temple and releases the hand at her waist, works his way down her abdomen, through the curls framing her cunt. Her clit is too sensitive and he seems to sense that as she gives a hard shudder, bypassing it to find her entrance. His other fingers tweak at her nipple and she rests her forehead against the door, lightheaded.

"You were right - my knees weren't up to the task, unfortunately." He sounds so morose she lets out a laugh that quickly transforms into a moan. His fingers dip into her soaking entrance, but go no further. "So I have a compromise. You let me make you come one more time against this door and then we move."

She tries to escape the repeated ministrations of his hand on her breast, but that either pushes her into his waiting fingers at her core or into his cock, hot even through his slacks. God, between a rock and a fucking hard place, huh.

"On one condition." Samira finds her voice, cracked and dry, but determined. It seems to draw something from Jack, who jerks his hips forward for a second before regaining some composure. "After, you sit on my couch and you let me ride you until you come."

Jack's hands pause on her body and Samira feels like she's finally won something tonight. (Barring the multiple orgasms, of course.)

"You run a hard bargain there, Mohan." It sounds like a laugh, but it gets stuck in his throat. He crowds her against the door, no part of their bodies not touching. "You've got a deal."

And maybe - just maybe - Samira miscalculated that whole winning thing.

"Jack, *Jack*, please - please, harder -" Samira rises up onto her toes, grasping at his wrist and turning it so his fingers hit her just right.

"Yup, I got you. Like that, right?" She wonders if he's actually as composed as he sounds. His hips have bumped hers a couple of times, a clear sign that his own pleasure is a frayed razor wire at this point. But he's one-tracked, focused solely on her.

Samira won't lie and say she'd never had a fantasy about what it could be like, with Dr. Jack Abbot. But she hadn't considered - all the drive, the concentration, the obsession that he brings to his work.

She hadn't considered what it might be like to be the center of it.

"You wanna ride my hand, don't you? You can, go ahead." She can't think of anything when he talks to her like this. "Or are you picturing my cock instead?"

Samira almost chokes on air and that same whine from earlier escapes.

"*Shit*, there it is, there you are." His fingers begin a persistently determined pace, and Samira's entire body starts to shake. "You have no idea what you do to me, do you? I'll give you whatever you want, baby, whatever you want from me."

She's not sure if he registers the pet name but it's soon gone from her own mind as he tugs at her nipple in perfect coordination with the pads of his fingers working her over from the inside out.

Samira pushes one hand into the door to get leverage, and tosses the other behind her, gripping at the back of Jack's neck. There's nowhere for her to go, but she needs to ground herself otherwise there's a chance she might float out of her body, never to return.

"I want you to make me come again." Samira tries for assertive, tries for demanding, tries for a semblance of the surety she was sure she possessed thirty minutes ago. But she's quite sure what comes out is more breathless, is more pleading.

Jack - with his single, undivided attention - does as Samira asks.

His fingers do not relent, though there's no way they're not cramping by now. He shifts his hips, steps his feet outside of her own so she can lean her full weight back against him - which, inadvertently, gets the angle of his wrist absolutely perfect. Samira wrenches at the back of his neck harshly, mouth set in a frown from how much she truly wants to sob.

The crescendo rises again, this time with the slightest hint of 'too-much' under it that makes her toes curl but brings a vicious satisfaction to her chest, to her throbbing pussy, to her wrecked throat. Jack whispers mantras into her ear, praises and adorations that eventually descend into a single plea.

"Come for me, Samira."

This time, it's an implosion that Samira quickly loses control of. She clamps down around Jack's fingers and immediately starts to fold in. It's Jack's arm around her waist - and god, that fucking bicep, how had she not noticed - his broad body holding her up. Samira lets herself go lax, breathy sobs escaping out that leave her dizzy, made worse by Jack telling her how good she was.

She swats at his hand until he falls silent, until he slides his fingers out of her - another convulsion wracking her at that - and carefully maneuvers them both to the floor. Jack holds her, for which she is immensely grateful, until the numbness in her fingers and toes subsides and she can form a single thought besides '*fuck*' again.

"Too much?" Jack asks after some time has passed. Samira groans, leans back heavily into his waiting arms and wraps them around her fully.

"Give me a sec." She slurs out. Her cunt is pulsing and her nerve-endings feel like they're hooked up to an electric fence.

She can feel Jack's erection, still full, against her hip.

Samira takes a deep breath, lets it out, and then turns fully around.

Dr. Jack Abbot sits, one knee crooked up, his shoes and jacket the only items of clothes missing. His hair is slightly disheveled, his fingers glisten with her slick, and the only indication that he's at all rattled - besides the aforementioned erection - is the pink flush on his cheeks.

Dr. Jack Abbot smiles at her and Samira's heart pounds. He looks ten years younger and suddenly, Samira -

Samira *wants*.

"Get on the couch, Jack."

Samira might not be able to fully feel all of her limbs. Sure, she might have to lean against some of her furniture to make it to the couch without her knees giving out. There's perhaps a non-zero chance she has a concussion.

But Dr. Samira Mohan didn't spend years in med school, in her internship, in an emergency medicine residency to be called a fucking quitter.

As soon as Jack's boxer briefs hit his ankles, she's pushing him back onto the couch. He spreads his arms out, cock bobbing against his stomach, pre-cum glistening at the tip. It's a nice cock, Samira will admit that. She lobs the condom from her purse at him, smiling as it hits him dead between the eyes, reflexes dulled. His brows crawl up as he unrolls the condom, distracted by her movements.

"Are you...stretching?" He asks, hand frozen at the base of his cock. A, like, really nice cock, wow. Where had he been hiding that?

"I don't want a cramp." She frowns, confused by his questioning.

He blinks, a little dazed, so Samira takes the opportunity to swing a leg over his hip and settle into his lap. She retrieves a little bottle of lube she keeps in her miscellaneous drawer - she's still ready, but a cock is different than fingers.

Samira rubs the lube up his shaft, delighting in how Jack shivers, tosses his head back and exposes the corded muscle of his neck. A nice neck, too.

She lines him up with her entrance, settling one hand on his shoulder for balance. Jack suddenly grabs at her hips, holding her just above him. His eyes dart over her face, catch the wince as his cock rubs against her sensitive clit inadvertently. He smacks his lips together, looks about ready to say something, but Samira simply stares. The hesitancy melts away, back to desire and heat mixed with the flicker of fondness she's just picked up on.

He trusts her. And she trusts him.

Samira sinks down onto his cock and it's like all the air has been punched out of her.

Samira has had a decent amount of sexual encounters; in fact, she

prefers cowgirl because it allows her to set the pace. But it has never - and she means *never* - felt like this. She's confident most of it can be attributed to the preceding three orgasms. But there's also -

There's also the way Jack is watching her.

She rests her hands on his thighs - and god, they're thick, aren't they? - as she catches her breath, and Jack clutches at her hips like she's his lifeline. He keeps looking at her face, then down to where they're fully connected, and back up again. There's a line between his brows that she desperately wants to smooth out but that would mean moving, and that's gonna take another second or three.

"Take your time." Jack says, voice deep and calm. Samira sniffs and sits back up, getting a thrill of delight as his eyes widen. She raises her hips up and brings them back down, hard, into his lap. "*Jesus Christ.*"

"Don't tell me what to do." She does it a second time, squeezing her eyes shut at the fullness. Her breathing turns harsh and she tries to raise her hips again.

Jack doesn't let her, his grip a lock on her waist.

"You're so damn stubborn." He grits out, eyes blazing but a smile fighting its way on his face. She leverages her weight forward, palms on his shoulders, and twitches her hips forward and back. He doesn't have the right traction but as soon as Samira starts a lazy circling rhythm, he stops fighting.

A huff escapes from him and he shakes his head. She grins down and that dazed look makes a reappearance.

Samira is kind of exhausted, but there's a simmering exhilaration as she observes Jack under hooded eyes. She can tell he's still holding back from chasing his own pleasure - which, in her current state, she does appreciate - but there's a clench to his jaw, a tightening of his chest that tells her there's only so much he can take.

To be fair, Samira's not that far behind.

She's never orgasmed more than twice in one night, and even that time was an hour or so apart. Her overworked clit rubs against Jack's pelvis as she grinds forward and half of her wants to retreat while the other half wants to see what happens if she goes for four. The curiosity, the oversaturation - all of it is almost too much to bear. But it's Jack, who rests his hands over hers as they rest on his chest, who

eggs her on.

"You want to come again, don't you?" He asks and she finds herself nodding before she can register what she's doing. Her back straightens, and she pulls away from him but Jack is quicker. He grabs her hips, drags her against him again, and says, "Don't run away from me."

God damn it, *fuck*.

"I don't run from shit." Samira grates out and Jack meets her.

"No, you don't."

It shouldn't be this fucking hot, should it?

Samira feels like she's out of her body when she says, "So what are you going to do then - *baby*."

Time stands still, for a second.

Samira watches the word hit Jack, watches his face shutter and contort. Then, she feels his hands tighten on her waist, feels his hips punch up, fuck into her with a strength that's as surprising as it is pornographic.

Jack releases the death-grip on her hips as he comes back to himself, deflates - except for his cock, still hard and wanting inside of her - and breathes out, "I think we should create religions around you."

Samira's never been threatened with deification before.

"No cults." She demands.

Jack chokes. "Deal."

He watches her for another moment before coming to some sort of conclusion. He tucks an arm behind her back, shifts them so he can lean his head back on the couch cushion once more.

And then, Samira watches - breath held - as he takes her wrist and guides her hand to his neck. As he molds her fingers to his skin.

"Squeeze your thumb and your middle finger. Don't put any pressure on the front of my neck - why is that, Dr. Mohan?"

It shouldn't be this hot, it shouldn't make her clamp down around

him, it shouldn't leave her breathless.

She answers reflexively. "Sustained pressure against the larynx can result in lack of oxygen to the brain and bruising to the vocal cords."

"What else?" He stares, putting pressure on her thumb and two fingers. She presses a little harder and watches in fascination as his eyes flutter - not fully shut, but hazy with desire. Aimed right at her.

"There was a case where asphyxiation caused carotid artery contusion, it was barely caught in time -" Samira cuts herself off, wills her fingers loose as Jack moans into the space between them. She can feel it in his neck, against the palm of her hand.

"You really are the smartest of us, fuck."

Samira sort of loses herself after that.

She keeps her hand on his neck - never pushing against, only squeezing the sides when she remembers. Her body is starting to flag, but she pushes down, grinding into him over and over and over as - somehow - the heat builds within her again. It's sharp and firing in her fingers and her toes and at the edges of her periphery. Her movements become sloppy as she pants, as she moans and makes these little breathless whimpers that make Jack's grip grow tighter and tighter.

He can sense it, as she hits the edge for the fourth time that night. He breathes out, almost pushing his neck into her hand, and wraps hands around her back. Samira welcomes the respite, her thighs burning, but she keeps her hand exactly where he wants it. Jack plants his feet down and fucks up into her once, twice, three times and Samira has to let go of his throat before she chokes him for real.

What Samira hears is the broken cry she releases, Jack's name completely jumbled.

What Samira hears is him groaning into her ear as he finally - *finally* - lets himself go. He pushes deep into her repeatedly and Samira would be astounded if she had anything left in her.

What Samira hears is Jack calling her name and then she is out like a fucking light.

She *fell asleep*. She did not *pass out*, no matter what Dr. Jack Abbot claims.

When she first wakes, it's dark and there's rustling as she's tucked under some covers. She grabs at the arm, grips the bicep with whatever strength she can muster.

"Stay." She mumbles, eyes blinking, trying to adjust, to focus on something.

"I can go, Mohan." He tries to argue but she does not relent. He knew she was stubborn, after all.

"I'm asking you to stay." She says and so help her, if he makes her try to form another sentence she's gonna lose it.

There's a beat of silence before she hears a sigh and then the adjustment of sheets next to her. A wave of cold air comes in, she shivers, and then she is promptly met with her very own personal heater.

Samira latches on to the bicep and does not let go.

When she wakes up the second time, it is clearly late morning. Samira tries to swallow and finds her mouth dry. Tries to reach out to her nightstand and lets out a gasp as her body comes back online.

Sore. A deep, bone-aching sore.

Samira falls back into her pillows and finally opens her eyes. She squints around her room as the night returns, piece by fucking piece.

She fucked Dr. Jack Abbot. What the fuck.

Her eyes fall on a piece of paper, corner peeking off her end table. She grabs it and reads,

Sorry I left early - had to cover day shift. I think we can go for 5 next time.

JA

Samira sits up, a cold sweat breaking out on her skin.

"He had fucking *work* today?!"

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

"Jesus, Samira." Her name on his lips sends a shiver down her spine. "Jesus fucking Christ."

She licks her lips, mouth dry. "He didn't -"

"Did he make you come?" The question hits like a punch to the gut and she's grateful he can't see her expression.

"And what if he did?"

A chuckle, though it sounds bitter. "You wouldn't be calling me."

Chapter Notes

you're all locked in the pitt with me. updated tags.
also i couldn't bring myself to reread chap 1 bc of embarrassment,
sorry if there's any inconsistencies

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Samira Mohan considers herself a relatively optimistic person. She struggled to make sense of the world when her father died, she worked her ass off in medical school even when faced with virulent racism, and she defended herself admirably against the pushback towards her research. But despite all of it, Samira does feel, most days, that she brings a level-headed quality to her work that makes her a competent and empathetic physician. This skillset is being cultivated and nurtured at Pittsburgh Trauma and for that she practices daily gratitude.

But, today?

Today has gotten on her last nerve.

Samira slams her locker shut and takes a deep breath. There's a tension headache forming in the middle of her skull and she forces her shoulders down and away from her ears. Shaking out her curls, she evaluates herself in the locker room's tiny mirror. Not bad, she assesses, and that's taking into account the crappy shift she's leaving behind. Sliding on her shoes, Samira hefts her backpack onto her shoulder.

She stops at the triage desk on her wait out, scans her pass for an update to her last chart. She notes the time, logging her check-out but pauses at the wolf-whistle coming down the hallway.

Shaking her head, she checks her phone. She's got a minute or two.

"Someone's lookin' a little too dolled up for a place like this." Dana ogles her dramatically, dragging a laugh from Samira. "Who's the lucky person?"

She waves a hand, eyes darting around the ER for a split second. "Just a guy from an app."

"It's Friday night, Dana, let the kids have their fun." Princess nudges Samira's hip as she circles the desk, shooting her a wink.

"Not too much fun, you're scheduled for tomorrow." Dana points a finger and snaps her gum. Like Samira could forget her fifth shift in a row; it's flu season and doctors are dropping like flies.

"Get home safe, you two." Samira leaves them with a grin and hikes the bag back up. Casting another glance around, she ducks her head and makes for the exit.

So close, and yet.

"Have a good night, Dr. Mohan." The voice calls out as a figure exits C11. Samira internally sighs, but all she gives is a nod and a quick wave of her fingers. She pretends she doesn't feel the intensity of his gaze boring holes into her back as she passes Dr. Jack Abbot.

Samira has a problem, is the thing.

No, okay, not a 'problem.' More of a...block, if you will.

It's purely mental she's determined, through careful observation and evaluation, and she is going to handle it effectively and efficiently. She's a doctor, and a good one at that. She's a problem solver, a logical thinker. If she gets the conditions just right, through short trial and error she'll break through this current -

Issue.

"Okay, hold on. Let me..." Samira pushes the man's - Greg, right, that's

his name - chest away and scoots out from under him. The man - *Greg*, god - looks perplexed, tries to wrangle her in for a kiss. Instead, she shoves him onto his back.

"Woah, you're strong, princess." His face contorts into a sleazy smirk and Samira fights the scowl. But she is able to take over in this position, grinding down and twisting her hips in circles, seeking, searching. Greg keeps clutching at her waist, wanting her to bounce instead of sway, and she's getting ticked off by the second. "You're gonna come again, I can tell."

Samira hasn't come once.

She's not necessarily proud of her next move, but needs must be met. She covers his mouth with her hand, shoots an exaggerated wink. "I like to play dirty."

Greg waggles his fucking eyebrows.

God almighty.

Samira closes her eyes. Okay, this is much better. This she can work with. She drags her clit along his pelvis, can't quite get the angle right, but it feels pretty good. She rubs again and again and ag-

Take whatever you want from me.

Samira's eyes fly open and she gasps, clenches around Greg's cock for a second before the voice in her head dissipates and she remembers where she is. The man grins - she feels his chapped lips against her palm - and clarity slams into her.

"Alright, sorry." Samira slides off of Greg in one, graceful movement and plants herself on the bed. Her hand retreats but the man doesn't move. She gets it, honestly. "This isn't gonna work."

It takes some cajoling - too much, if you ask Samira - until Greg exits her apartment with little fanfare. He was fine, she thinks, just not her type. No other reason. No other problem.

She stands in the middle of her living room, stark naked, hands on her hips.

Samira is logical, analytical. There's a solution, there must be.

"New plan."

Oh reliable, that's what she needs. She falls back into her sheets and fishes out her vibrator, clicks it on, and closes her eyes. She needs to relax, otherwise she'll get too in her head. That's what the real issue has been.

Samira breathes sharply as the vibrations hit her clit, still sensitive. She feels her nipples perk back up, feels her hips flex and jump of their own accord. Good, good. All very good.

We can do better than good, no?

Samira clenches her jaw so tight her teeth click.

So maybe there is a problem.

It's not that Samira can't orgasm; it's that the sensations pale in comparison to what she now knows her body is capable of. She can make herself come, and it's good, but she notes the absence as she flutters around nothing. It's worse - so much worse - with a partner, with the men who still need coddling, who still want to squeeze their egos into the room, who still don't *listen*.

She thought eight months was rough?

They hadn't talked about it, her and Dr. Abbot. He had to return to 'Dr. Abbot' and she had to return to 'Dr. Mohan' because there was never going to be another time. There was never going to be a conversation.

(There was never going to be an attempt at five - and fuck, what had he been on writing that note?)

She was moving on, she was absolutely sure of that. It had been a fun, spontaneous night. Her career was more important and their professionalism was impressive, not a problem to keep up. It would just be so much easier if she could -

Her vibrator dies in her hands and Samira muffles her yell into the pillow.

It's late. That's the main reason she shouldn't do this. It's late, and someone could read something into it. It doesn't mean anything, of course. Samira is simply tired after a long shift, frustrated from a dud of a date, and so horny she's having trouble thinking straight.

"Get yourself together." Samira tells her reflection above the bathroom sink, stone-faced.

It doesn't mean anything.

He picks up on the second ring.

"Dr. Mohan, it's late." Shit. "Date going well?"

"Do you have any idea what you've done?" Samira demands, pacing the length of her bedroom.

A beat of silence and there's some ambient noise, difficult to make out. "I suspect you're about to inform me."

She sucks her teeth. "I'm a great physician, Dr. Abbot. I take care of my patients, I listen to them, I empathize with them. I learn about their bodies through what they tell me and what I see, a completely holistic approach."

"That's right." She has to squeeze her eyes shut at the easy agreement in his answer.

"And when someone is suffering an ailment, it's my responsibility to help them address it. Particularly if, by some ill-fated chance, my interference in their medical care has made said ailment worse."

She hears him breathing, hears the sound of a car go by. So he's driving.

"Dr. Mohan, why are you calling me?"

"Because, Dr. Abbot, you need to take some responsibility here. This is

your fault."

A chuckle slips through the phone and she wrenches it from her ear so she can regain her footing.

"Tell me about your date." Is what he responds with and she has the immediate urge to hang up. "Walk me through where it became *my fault* that you're presumably home alone right now and -"

Dr. Abbot cuts himself off but she can almost taste the sentiment he's left hanging, incomplete.

Unsatisfied.

"He picked me up. We went to a nice Lebanese restaurant and drank some lovely wine. He was a good kisser." Samira imagines - though she has no proof - the way Dr. Abbot's fingers might tighten around the steering wheel. "Everything was going great."

Dr. Abbot waits and when she doesn't continue, he sighs. "Dr. Mohan, you're highly competent in your rounds. You know that a complete assessment requires consideration of all contributing factors. Why are you leaving out necessary details?" Samira stands frozen, back against her bedroom wall. What the hell was she doing? No, seriously, what the - "Dr. Mohan. You kissed him and decided he was worth your time. I know what a precious commodity that is. You - what, you took him back to your place? You dragged him in through your front door, and then?"

"I pushed him onto the couch."

"You're very good at that."

Samira swallows. "I unzipped my dress and I took it off. Except when I looked up, he was in the middle of taking off his sweater so he -"

"He missed the moment." Dr. Abbot finishes. "Where do you find these amateurs?"

"The apps." Samira hears herself respond faintly.

"I...don't want to know what that means." It drags a real smile to her face, one she contemplates rubbing away but it's not like he can see her. "He didn't say anything?"

"What?"

"Did he say anything, when he saw how your skin looked like velvet? Did he say anything, or was he too fucking dumbstruck?"

She slides down the wall, hooks an arm over her knees. "He asked me to take it off."

Dr. Abbot makes a quizzical sound. "Take what off?"

"My...my set." She feels a bit like she's floating outside of her body, can't think too hard about the words leaking out of her mouth otherwise she may never be able to face him again. "My lingerie set."

She hears the inhale, hears the way his voice goes gravelly. "What color."

"Blue." She whispers. "Deep blue."

There's a silence as Samira rests her head against the wall, as she closes her eyes and finally lets herself imagine him in full. Imagine him in that beat up truck he drives, one hand gripping the wheel with white knuckles, the other loose on the gear shift. Imagine how he'd lick his lips, look like he's rolling something over on his tongue. Imagine how his brow would furrow, how he'd keep his gaze directly on the road because he's responsible, he's focused, he's -

"He saw you in, what I can only guess is the most beautiful thing that's ever existed, and he asked you to...take it off?" A warning signal starts blaring in Samira's mind because Dr. Abbot is using that tone reserved for patients who speak down to his interns, his students. A carefully curated stoicism, laced with something dangerous below the surface. It shouldn't fill her with such a yearning sense of want.

It shouldn't overwhelm her, shouldn't have her ripping the phone away from her ear, opening her photos with shaky fingers, clicking send before she can comprehend what she's doing. She won't be able to blame this on the wine, or the adrenaline. Maybe there's a mass pressing on her amygdala, dampening her impulse control. She's about to run through the diagnosis with Dr. Abbot when she hears a curse.

"A heads-up next time would be fantastic."

The sound of cars passing subsides slightly. "Did you stop driving?"

"I pulled over so I wouldn't cause a mass casualty event." His voice gets closer. "And so that I could give you the attention you deserve."

They don't text, her and Dr. Abbot. They don't call either. There's no communication between the two of them outside of the pit and it's always been that way - outside of one glaring exception. So it takes a moment to hit, the jarring realization of what this looks like: one day, seemingly out of the blue, Dr. Samira Mohan decided to send a picture of herself from the waist down, clad only in a matching deep blue bra and panties, to Dr. Jack Abbot.

She swears she used to have more common sense. Two months ago, give or take.

"Jesus, Samira." Her name on his lips sends a shiver down her spine. "Jesus fucking Christ."

She licks her lips, mouth dry. "He didn't -"

"Did he make you come?" The question hits like a punch to the gut and she's grateful he can't see her expression.

"And what if he did?"

A chuckle, though it sounds bitter. "You wouldn't be calling me."

There's a vibrating in her chest and a throbbing between her legs.

"Let me see if I can piece it together: you rode him on your couch, or maybe you dragged him into your bedroom and he made a half-assed attempt at going down on you before he tried to fuck you into the sheets. But you wouldn't let him get far with that, I'd suspect."

"Suddenly so wise, Dr. Abbot?" She laughs.

Swears she can hear his grin. "Observant, Dr. Mohan. He wouldn't let you take what you wanted - what you needed - would he? So you kicked him out."

"I did."

"And you called me."

"Yes."

"For what, exactly? Spell it out for me, Mohan, you know I'm no genius like you." He sing-songs a little and Samira lets go.

"I want you to make me come."

He sounds proud. "Atta girl."

"I'm working in the morning." Samira admits as she lays down on her bed, limbs splayed.

Abbot releases a broad sigh. "Work, that pesky thing."

She trails a lazy hand down her chest, over her stomach, a thrill rising in her core and radiating outward. The phone rests on the pillow beside her.

"Lay down on your bed for me." Abbot says and Samira smiles.

"Already there."

"Mhm." He hums. "You got anything left to take off?"

She shakes her head before remembering he can't see her. "Nope."

A pause and then a restrained groan. "You've been talking to me this whole time without a scrap of clothing on?"

Samira huffs. "Didn't see a problem."

"And how wet is that pretty cunt of yours?"

Samira hiccups out a breath, hand coming to an abrupt halt. Enough seconds pass without a response that Abbot presses, "You'll have to get over your reservations quick because if I can't see you, I want to hear you. We either do it this way or we stop - completely up to you, no hard feelings."

She shudders and then swallows, lets her hand skate up the inside of her thigh.

"Wet." She states plainly and then shakes her body - god, she has no practice with *this*.

"You can do better than that, Mohan." A sick feeling of déjà vu.

"Dripping, Jack. Is that better for you?" She bites out his name, but the impact is dulled when her other hand is busy playing with a nipple.

"Much." He breathes out and Samira relinquishes any previous

reticence. Gone is the reluctance to acknowledge his voice, his face, his hands in her fantasies; she had wanted it to be him kissing her, him mapping out every curve of her body, him filling her up.

"Are you touching yourself?"

She presses her lips together. "Yes."

Abbot hums and her fingers flex.

"Where? Tell me, exactly."

"My - my breast." Words get stuck in the back of her throat. "My, *hmm*, my nipple."

"Sensitive little things." He murmurs and it's like he's here. She can picture his face, the way his mouth would tug up at the corner, the way he'd look at her from under his brows and never blink if he could manage it. "Never met anyone as responsive as you. Where's your other hand?"

"Between my legs."

"Good." It's said with such ease, her hips buck up. "I want you to touch your clit - slowly, to start off." So matter-of-fact, so Abbot.

Samira is a determined person, someone who can take charge and make her own decisions. It's why Abbot - and Robby, and any other attending she works with - trusts her to lead the interns and other residents when things get particularly hairy.

But as her body sinks into the mattress, as her mind goes a fuzzy sort of blank, she'll have to admit that sometimes it's quite nice to be able to turn it off temporarily. To not have to make the next decision, to not have to weigh the consequences. There's a relief in knowing that, at least for this moment, Samira is in capable hands, trustworthy hands.

(Really fucking nice hands, all in all.)

Samira's also pretty good at following instructions herself.

Her fingers tickle her thigh one last time before sliding against her folds, gathering wetness. She circles her clit once, twice, and can't help the shuddering crawl that works its way up her body.

"Talk to me, Samira." Abbot's voice pierces the silence.

"I want - I've been wanting to come for *so long*." Her voice ticks up at the end, a plea as much as a reluctant admission.

"I know, I know." Her ears strain, listening for his ragged breathing. Her pulse quickens at the way he sounds kinda fucked out already, how he's doing a bad job of hiding it. "I'm not gonna make you wait. Push a finger in."

Samira obeys and releases a gasp as she gets the angle right in the first go. She grins, teeth bared - see, it's not fucking hard, is it?

She withdraws, barely enough for her knuckle to slip out before prodding in. Her thumb takes over at her clit and starts rubbing loose circles. "Oh."

"Yeah?" Abbot says or asks, she's not quite sure. Samira catches the sound of the engine turning over.

"Be careful while you're driving." She manages to get out before she rolls her hips up, a harsher gasp ripped out. She doesn't think much about his silence, too focused on the pleasure starting to build up for the third time that night. She aches for release, refuses to be snatched from the edge one more time.

"You're -" Abbot clears his throat. "How we doin', Samira?"

"Good." She rolls her head on the pillow as her hips meet her fingers effortlessly. "But I need more."

"Of course you do. Use another finger, stretch yourself for me." The implication sends a shiver to her core, draws a moan. "Uh, oh. Thinking up some naughty ideas?"

Samira rolls her eyes. "No, things are still perfectly PG up here."

His laugh is genuine and that makes her smile harder.

She presses two fingers in, more insistent and less controlled, while her other hand grasps at her nipple. "Jack," she sighs.

There's a grunt on the other end.

"Are you -?"

"No." Abbot answers, pained. "No I'm not, because if I let you occupy any more of my brain, I will in fact crash this car."

"Would you let me suck you off if I was there with you?" The question comes out of nowhere but the physical separation between them makes her bolder, wilder.

She hears a thump - his palm hitting the wheel maybe? - and then, "Samira, I'm at a crossroads here." She opens her mouth and then closes it. "I - fuck, I mean literally. I can turn left, go home, and sleep all day because I restart night shifts on Sunday. Or I can turn right, and be at your apartment in less than ten."

Samira clenches around her fingers and moans. Another thump. "Less than ten?"

"Less than five, if I break some traffic laws."

"Which you won't." She grins when he doesn't refute it. "I bet I can make myself come before you get here."

It's a laugh, a groan, and a sigh all rolled into one confusing and delicious sound. "Don't you dare."

"How many times do I have to say it? Don't tell me what to do." She rubs her clit and sees stars.

"I'm turning right, Mohan."

"And I'm thinking of your fingers, Abbot."

Samira hangs up the call.

She comes, his name on her lips, less than a minute before there's banging on her apartment door.

Samira does check the peephole before she opens the door, promise.

As soon as the knob is turned, Dr. Jack Abbot is pushing in. He stops abruptly, hand still on the door jam and body blocking the hallway, staring at her.

"You're gonna fucking kill me." He whispers harshly, eyes tracking up and down her naked body, no hesitation or shame. Samira reaches out

a hand to drag him in but he steps back. "Get back on your bed." Her smirk drops. He scrubs a hand down his face, as if he's in real turmoil. "So help me god, Samira, I will fuck you against this wall if you touch me. You deserve a bed. And so much more than that."

Samira licks her lips and likes the way it captures his attention. He closes the door, locks it, and holds himself very still. She shrugs and turns, leads the way even though he's probably already mapped out her apartment (and all emergency exits for the entire building). Laughs audibly at the string of curses that follow in her wake.

She bounces onto the bed, a giddiness taking over, satisfaction from an orgasm that stirs on the immediate desire for another. He treks in, having shed his coat and sweater, dressed in an old t-shirt that's doing wonders for his biceps and a pair of jeans that show off the bulge she guesses has been there for awhile.

He stops at the foot of her bed, hazy gaze never drifting anywhere else.

"Spread your legs."

Samira doesn't move. Her eyebrow twitches up.

His mouth flattens.

"You want me to get on my knees and beg?"

Her heart smacks against her chest. A smile unfurls and he swallows audibly.

"I was already planning on kneeling, you know that." He chastens.

"Not tonight." He goes to object, but she shakes her head. "Bet you couldn't even stand for half of your shift last time. Gotta protect those old joints, Dr. Abbot. Have you thought about inflammation, torn ligaments, tendinitis? Or even gout could be -"

He lunges at her and she shrieks in delight. "Spitfire of a doctor."

Finally, he's touching her and Samira's body erupts with heat. She grabs his face, brings their lips together with so little grace she almost backtracks. But Jack's got a hand in her hair and Samira lets her legs fall open to accommodate him.

He tastes like coffee and gum and the hint of a cigarette she'll have to

remember to give him shit for later.

She moans into his mouth as he hikes her thigh up, pinning her down with his clothed erection. She pulls back, presses a kiss to his cheek, laughs weakly as he mouths at her neck.

He stops with a frustrated groan. "You came."

She tries not to act smug, fails spectacularly. "I won."

Jack twists away to glare and she wants to laud it over him, except his arms distract her. Muscles flex as he holds himself up, and her fingers trace the veins, push his sleeves up to expose pale skin dotted with black tattoos she doesn't recall seeing.

(There had been a lot going on.)

"I'm gonna make you come again."

She blinks up at him through her eyelashes. "Promise?"

He ducks in for a searing kiss before making his way toward her neck, her sternum, placing a kiss to the underside of each of her breasts. She will admit that there's something sweet about getting to be horizontal. As he reaches her abdomen, she feels huffs of breath, muttered words into her skin.

"Everything in order, doctor?" She readjusts on her pillow, tucking her chin to peer down. He rests a cheek gently against her pelvic bone, gazing up.

"Absolutely perfect." He mumbles, like he doesn't mean to say it, and Samira's lips part. He doesn't give her a chance at rebuttal, scraping his stubble against her skin. She hisses but it feels good, feels like just this side of too much.

Jack slides fully onto his stomach, scooping one leg over his shoulder and then the other. He hooks his arms around and places both hands against her abdomen.

"Hey." He says. "I'll smack here -" He palms at one of her thighs resting against his ear, "- if I need to tap out. If I don't, I'm fine. Got it?"

She gives him a faux serious salute and he smacks his lips at her sarcasm. When he finally settles, he releases a long, low sigh directly onto her soaked pussy.

Samira wonders if she's ever seen anyone in such contented bliss.

"God." Samira calls out, remembering to release the death grip she has on his hair before she rips it out. She grinds her clit into Jack's hot, waiting tongue, uses her other hand at the headboard for leverage. She catches the answering groan, almost misses how his hips jerk into the mattress, and that sets her off. "God, how are you - *mhm* - so good at this?"

All she gets in response is another crook of the two fingers inside of her, massaging in tempo with his tongue's concentration on her clit. Her thighs tense and unconsciously squeeze around Jack's head.

Hard. Like, worryingly hard.

"Shit, sorry." She wills them down but Jack only lets her get so far. He grabs the outside of her thigh - a grab, definitely not a smack - with his unoccupied hand and pushes it back against his skull.

She stares down and he meets her gaze head-on, unblinking.

Slowly, her thighs return and cradle his head. She braces, waiting for the sign that she's gone too far. It doesn't come. Instead, she keeps tightening until his eyes flutter closed and he groans - loud - right into her, the vibrations ricocheting.

Jesus fucking Christ, indeed.

His fingers pick up their pace, pressing harder and more deliberately into her sweet spot. He sucks her clit, somehow maneuvers his tongue at the same time, and Samira swears she can feel her neurons firing as illogical as it sounds.

"Jack." She warns, hand petting his hair so she doesn't yank it. "*Jack.*" Again, more insistent. "I'm really close."

The hand on her thigh snakes down, dragging nails that leave goosebumps in their wake. He reaches her abdomen and rests his palm, just above where her hair starts. She can feel him push down, slight pressure, but it sure as fuck does *something*.

"*Oh!*" She cries and Samira is thrown over the edge. Her hips jerk up as she comes, thrusting into his mouth and his fingers, stuck with

nowhere to go except to take the pleasure he continues to wring from her. She tosses her head back, chin jutting up. He draws some more moans, some more whimpers, until finally she falls lax into the sheets.

Jack's fingers don't stop.

This time, Samira is not gentle - she grabs his hair and twists. She hears the grunt, feels his other hand grab at her wrist.

"Ow."

Samira glares. "Not again."

Jack - well, he looks wrecked is the only way to describe it. There are red marks on the sides of his face, slowly blending into the pink that sprawls over his cheeks as he heaves in some needed air. His fingers finally retract but he makes no effort to move, only observes her with this expression she's never seen marring his features.

Pussy drunk, Samira's brain helpfully supplies.

"You sure?" He asks.

Samira blinks and nods.

Jack nods back. "If that's all you needed me for."

Her hand returns to his hair instantly.

"Something else?"

Jack lets her strip him this time. Rakes hands up his chest, displaying skin and scars and chest hair and a body that indicates a subtle, reserved strength as she chucks his t-shirt somewhere. Her fingers find his belt, the zipper of his jeans - a bit of a tough work around when his erection strains heavily - distracted by the persistent attention he laves on her neck.

"You're not - *oh* - you're not helping here." She complains, except it's not a real complaint when he bites at the underside of her jaw.

"Was I supposed to be?" He asks into her skin. In retaliation, she bypasses the jeans entirely and sticks her hands into his boxer briefs.

"Ah -" Jack hisses and grasps at her neck, hauling her to his lips again. It's kind of filthy, the way he licks into her mouth, the way she drags her palm down his shaft. He bites her lower lip and then reels back, peppering her with kisses in apology.

Between the two of them, he's rapidly divested of the rest of his clothes and she grapples in her bedside table in search of a condom.

"Oh. We were trying hard tonight, weren't we?" Turning back, Samira stares in horror as Jack holds her vibrator in a loose grip.

"It died." She admits.

He clicks his tongue. "So I was third choice?"

She bites at her cheek to keep from smiling. He notices, because he's Dr. Abbot and he notices everything. "I'm devastated, Mohan."

She offers an exaggerated pout, sitting up on her hands, inches from his face. His eyes don't dart down to her lips, or her breasts like she expects. They fix on her own and don't blink. It's intoxicating, being the center of his attention. "Poor baby." She whispers.

Jack's eyes flash.

They meet in the middle.

He knocks her down to her elbows, kisses growing longer, sloppier, more desperate. He commandeers the condom, rolls it on in record time and she loses a curious hum when his cock nudges at her entrance.

Leaning down, he asks, "Okay?"

A dimple pops onto her cheek. "Great."

Jack sits back on his heels and grabs ahold of her legs once more. With some guiding, he hooks each into the crook of his elbows, bending her knees towards her head. His hands plant on the bed as he pushes in, slow but steady and unrelenting. Samira moans as he continues until their hips are flush together.

She breathes into the small space between them, legs flexing and stretching to get comfortable. He doesn't move, not even when she tugs on his lip and grasps onto his shoulders, trying to pull him impossibly deeper.

"Move." Samira demands.

She expects him to comply, to give her what she wants. Instead, Jack ducks his head and grits out, "Give me a second. You have no fucking idea how tight you are like this."

She tenses, resists the urge to react because she is suddenly, voraciously hungry for him. Rubs one hand down his back, as far as she can reach.

He's a man true to his word, though. It only takes a second or three.

Without warning, his hips retreat, separating only enough for her to feel the slight drag inside and then pumping back in. His rhythm is unshakeable, even when she urges him on with her kisses, with her sounds, with her hips.

"Come on." She says, hands locking onto his lower back. He pauses and her head thumps back against the pillow, swallowing down the petulant whine.

"What is it?" He asks mildly. Less than a minute, and he's returned to full composure.

"Come *on*." She reiterates.

He gives her a blank look. "What do you want, Samira?"

She sucks on her teeth at his obstinacy.

Samira takes a deep breath, and then spits out, "Fuck me."

His teeth flash. "There's my girl."

Jack's hips snap forward and her eyes go wide. He drives into her, over and over, forcing her knees down farther and his cock that much deeper.

His eyes don't leave hers.

She doesn't notice at first, body caught up in the sensations, in the pleasure running through her veins, in the precision of his thrusts. She moans, she gasps, but it's when she whimpers - a particularly pathetic sound - that she notes the reaction.

His brows flatten out, two lines forming between. His mouth clenches shut, jaw flexing with each move of his hips. His fingers curl into fists

against the mattress. A bead of sweat trickles from his forehead to his temple. But at no point do Jack's eyes divert from hers, pupils blown wide and gaze unwavering.

It's jarring, the undivided attention. He gives it freely at work, when she opens her mouth and his gaze find hers immediately. And it's not just her, of course. He seeks out people's eyes when they're speaking, a connection he must deem crucially important.

But it's different here, when there's nowhere to run to, when there's nothing else to distract them. The concentration is intense, is fixed, is suddenly making Samira's stomach constrict, her pussy tighten, her toes curl. He has to feel it, because his lips remain flat but the corner of his mouth ticks up. He pushes in harder, stronger, rewarding her.

Samira grabs onto his forearms and stares right back.

She stares, even when her mouth starts to twitch into that frown, the one that makes her look like she's about to cry, the one she gets when she's close and it's starting to overwhelm her. She stares, even when a tremor starts in her feet and moves up her thighs. She stares, even when she can't stop blinking because she's losing the thread and her stomach is jumping and Jack doesn't seem to want to relent.

"Keep looking at me when you come." His voice is clipped, gritty. "That gorgeous face you make, let me see it. Let me see you come on my cock." He pants heavily but doesn't stop his hips, doesn't stop staring, and she's never come without -

Samira chokes on a sob and Jack's nostrils flare, and her orgasm nearly bowls her over. She can only hold on for so long before her eyes slam shut and she falls forward. But he catches her, presses his forehead to her own to hold her up. She shakes for a long time, core pulsing over and over and over again, until she has nothing left. Energy expended, she collapses into the pillows to catch her breath.

She shudders when Jack pulls out, overstimulation prickling in the aftermath. He places her legs tenderly back on the bed, rubs soothing patterns into her sore muscles.

"I can die happy having seen you like that." He mumbles, placing a chaste kiss to her cheek.

"Don't say that." Samira can't quite open her eyes yet but she allows her hands to follow his, tracing random marks into the skin of his arms, of his shoulders, of his chest, of his -

She pauses. "Jack."

"Hmm?" He doesn't seem to have a care in the world.

She squints, and then grasps his still-hard cock in her hand, strokes made easy with her own wetness. He clutches at her arm, her wrist, but doesn't remove her hand.

"Samira." He grits out through clenched teeth.

"Hm?" She mimics.

"Turn around." She opens her mouth but he cuts off whatever argument she might have had. "*Please.*" Gestures down at himself. "I'm on my knees, aren't I?"

Samira attempts to buck backwards, to meet the pace Jack has set, but the hand on her side is a hot, heavy weight. He drives his hips forward, which forces her into his other hand, fingers toying.

"I will admit I was surprised, I assumed you needed this pretty clit played with." His words are harsh in her ear, sending any cohesive thought careening and spilling out. He's everywhere, plastered to her back, pillow wedged in front to give him the access he needs. And play with her he does. "But you looked at me with those big, brown eyes and I thought, she can do whatever she puts her mind to, this one."

She bites into the pillow by her head, but gets a scolding *tsk* in response. "Don't hide. I said I wanted to hear you."

She tosses her head back in defiance, hair sprawling over one shoulder. If she strains her neck, she can see him still watching her, still focusing all of his attention on her, into her.

She feels wild, uncontrollable under his all-consuming scrutiny. "Don't hide, baby, you know you wanna give me your *neck*."

It's pure exhilaration.

He bends over her back, pushing her torso into the bed but somehow keeping her hips up, fingers punishing her clit as he pounds into her cunt.

"Oh, *oh*, yes, yes." She chants into the open air of her bedroom.

"Yeah? Yeah?" He echos and it's practically - *mocking*, if she were to put a word to it, except that's not quite right. She can tell he's grinning, but he picks up speed and his breath comes faster and Samira wonders how much of his pleasure comes from her, solely.

All of it, she can imagine him promising and it's that thought that drags her, kicking and groaning, to the brink.

"Hey, Samira." He says and she answers with a breathless whine. "What was his name?"

She doesn't understand. "Wha - oh, right there, Jack."

"What was his *name*?"

"Who!" He bullies that spot inside her and she sobs again.

Jack laughs, a sinful sound that transforms into a groan when she clamps down around his cock, unable to relax, unable to release her grip even if she wanted to. For the first time she feels Jack's fingers flex against her clit, rhythm faltering for barely a second.

"You're so -" He grunts and he sounds lost, sounds driven to an edge she didn't think was possible.

"I'm gonna come." It's a warning and an assurance. His fingers snap to precision once more, the perfect amount of pressure, and her hips inch up a bit higher. He chuckles, a strangled sound, but doesn't stop her when she grinds back. Places a messy kiss to her shoulder and keeps fucking her into the bedsheets. "*Jack*, you're gonna make me -"

"Mhm." He assuages, nods against her shoulder. The rhythm grows sloppy - no less pointed, but a little harder, a little less contained. She rocks between his cock and his fingers and it's clear he likes this.

"Take what you want, Samira, make yourself come all over me. I want it, I *want it*." The last part is this side of frantic and Samira grabs for the hand at her waist, seeking an anchor. He knows - because of course he knows, because he's Jack and somehow he can read her like a book - and the next moment, their fingers are interlaced.

Samira comes and isn't sure if she makes a single damn sound. She can feel Jack's hips stutter behind her, snap forward once, twice, and then nearly still. Small, aborted rocks are all she feels after and that drags one last whimpering breath from her. They stay like this, intertwined

and connected, as their heart rates return to normal.

"Shit. I have work tomorrow." Samira sighs wearily and gets a stifled laugh for all her effort.

Some time later, Jack recovers his t-shirt and Samira stretches her arms up, back making the most satisfying pop. She throws a shirt and some panties on, scooping herself off the bed and standing before the man as he does his belt.

"Look at me." She beams, gesturing to her wardrobe.

He gives her a lazy once-over.

"Not asleep."

His mouth twitches. "You mean, not unconscious?"

There's a lingering that happens at her front door. Samira rarely lingers, too much to do and not enough time. Hell, her date had tried to linger and she had shut him down with a not-so-subtle shove out the door. But as Jack laces his boots up - no conversation needed - something unfinished floats stagnant in the air.

When he's back standing, she pushes him against the same door he had her backed against two months ago. He offers no resistance, hands automatically cinching at her waist.

He tastes like her, she thinks idly. He tastes like her and his tongue really is something and his hands like to wander to the most amazing places. Samira steps forward, pins him with her chest and his hands wrap around her back. He's a little too willing, a little too pliant under her fingers, and she makes a note to come back to that at some point.

He readjusts his stance while he kisses her, while her tongue slides into his mouth and he hums and she sighs. He shifts and lets his thigh work its way between hers and oh, that's lovely. That's a nice place to rest against and to grind tight circles into - a really great, strong thigh. He nips at her jaw, at her neck when she makes the breathy gasps he seems to really like, presses fingertips harder into her skin as if his

control is on the thinnest tether. His hands are at her ass, helping her into a smooth rhythm, working herself over on his thigh while he just lets her use him, that's also quite spectacular -

A beeping comes from Jack's pocket.

He traps her against his thigh, against his chest, and retrieves his phone. Clicks at it and juts his chin. Glances back at her. "You need to go to bed."

Samira blinks once. "Did you...did you put a timer on when you got here?"

"No." He says, disquieted. "I put an alarm on so I'd know when you should probably be going to sleep. Worked backwards from 7am, ballparked how much time it takes you to get ready."

Samira's eye twitches.

Jack frowns. "I take the sleep schedules of my physicians seriously, Dr. Mohan. A minimum of seven hours is what makes -"

"Go home, Dr. Abbot."

Chapter End Notes

what the actual fuck. WHAT THE FUCK Y'ALL. 1K KUDOS???????

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

She had sent a screenshot from Instagram - a strong assumption he didn't have one, and she'd be willing to bet money on it. A simple photo, thick rope twisted delicately around the model's bare arms, bare stomach.

Dr. Abbot responds with, 🤔

And then, right after, 🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔

Chapter Notes

i've become so lost in the pitt sauce y'all. the dynamics/ characterizations may feel slightly different in this chapter? the finale really changed how i view them both in different ways. i tried to find a happy medium between how i had been writing them and how i think about them now. idk enjoy!

REALLY IMPORTANT: there is exploration into light bondage in this chapter. i want to note that the actions are not necessarily 'best practices' and there's a significant hiccup in the middle (an oversight, quickly addressed and rectified). pls keep that in mind!

also note updated tags

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Samira Mohan approaches most things in her life with a clear, analytical mind. Regardless of the situation, the severity of a problem or idea, Samira runs a diagnostic each and every time. An action as simple as what to eat for dinner after a full shift sends a pros and cons list unfurling in her mind.

She is a doctor and a researcher, and Samira loves to research. Loves to think of a question so mundane, people would think it must be common sense. But Samira knows better - she knows that no nugget of information can be taken for granted, assumed in any context. Research gives her data, gives her mitigating factors, gives her correlation, gives her causation. When in doubt, Samira turns to research. And when research fails her - through limitations, bias, a lack of critical thinking, any combination of the three - then she rolls up her sleeves and does it herself.

Samira scrapes fingers through her scalp, massaging out where her clip had kept her hair contained for ten hours. Not an awful shift, thankfully, but she was ready to go home and knock out as soon as her head hit the pillow. Grabbing her bag, she says her goodbyes to the departing day shift, waves hello to the incoming night shift. There's markedly less grumbling than usual, so they must have left the pit relatively manageable.

Samira sidesteps out the sliding glass doors and runs directly into Dr. Jack Abbot.

His hand comes out to steady her as they dance around each other. "Eager to get out of here, Dr. Mohan?"

"You have no idea." She smiles, a real one, and his mouth moves. He nods, and turns back toward the hospital. "Hey."

He glances over his shoulder.

"I have something to ask."

He waits.

She holds up her phone, shakes it. "I'll text you."

Dr. Abbot shoots her finger guns and heads inside. Samira frowns in distaste.

It's the weekend - her first full weekend off in over a month - when she decides to bite the bullet. Chewing on her thumbnail, she squints at the screen. Should she preface it with something? How does she contextualize an ask with a colleague who she happens to be hooking up with? There's no protocol - and trust her, she's looked.

No, too much overthinking. Before she can talk herself out of it, she hits send on the photo and locks her phone, tossing it on the couch. She's walking the length of her living room when she hears an answering chime. She thought he'd be working or doing...whatever it is he does when he's not working.

What that is, she cannot fathom.

She had sent a screenshot from Instagram - a strong assumption he didn't have one, and she'd be willing to bet money on it. A simple photo, thick rope twisted delicately around the model's bare arms, bare stomach.

Dr. Abbot responds with, 👍

And then, right after, 👍👍👍👍👍👍👍👍

And then, right after, *sorry meant to send one*

Samira considers asking if he's alright, but she's not sure how she'd respond if the answer was yes *or* no.

They agree to talk it out on a call. It's surprisingly straightforward, bereft of the same kind of tension and anticipation as last time. She chalks it up to their job; they both know what could happen if it's not taken seriously.

They're about ten minutes in, though, when Samira realizes he's got it backwards.

"Abbot, I'm asking if I can tie *you* up."

"What?"

"You. Not me."

"Me?"

"Yeah!" She says with exasperation.

There's a heavy silence. "Uh."

"Yeah."

"I figured you'd..."

And she gets it. Their arrangement thus far had been direct: Samira wanted to lose control, Abbot wanted to grab it; Samira wanted to come, Abbot wanted to help her do so. She loved how satisfied she felt in the days after, how energized. Her focus would double and she'd

burn through three articles in one sitting. It was also convenient: he was around, so was she. He didn't seem burdened by any familial responsibilities - not to her knowledge, at least. There was a simplicity, an ease. It was good - no, it was *great*.

But, well. Samira was a curious person. She liked to think, liked to mull things over, liked to remember specific parts of their nights together and imagine what would happen if she pushed. If he relinquished. If they tried something out of the ordinary.

"Would you be interested in that?" She asks, trying for casual. If he says no, she's not going to protest. It's an idle interest more than any burning desire, but she does enjoy stoking her curiosities - finds it can lead to some amazing new discoveries.

The pause lasts longer than she anticipates, but she doesn't retract the offer, not yet.

At every aspect of their job, Dr. Abbot is right on track; he's the fastest to respond, the most levelheaded in the field, the least likely to have his feathers ruffled by anything. It's what makes him a fantastic attending and the person you want - in the example of PittFest - leading the charge.

He's also got these habits. She's noticed he'll crack a joke - usually when Dr. Robby's around - to lighten the mood, but people don't seem to get that he *is* joking. He'll constantly be surveilling whatever room he's in, no matter how engrossed in the computer screen he may appear to be. He'll talk, more than people expect him to, when he's between patients. And, well. She already knew about the eye contact.

All this to say: Samira likes to collect data and scrutinize it through every lens she can. In this case, if she analyzes past experience, she thinks that Abbot may not be asking for what he wants when it comes to her. Doesn't know what to do with the question in the first place.

She'd really, really like to test this hypothesis.

"Uh, yeah." He sounds off-balance. "If that's what you want."

Samira jots a note in her mental log.

"Is it?"

"Is it what?"

"Is it something you'd want?"

She laughs, perplexed. "Yeah - why would I suggest it otherwise?"

"Hm." She wonders where the thread of this conversation got completely lost.

Samira waits, and there's nothing. "You know we don't have to do something just because I want to do it, right?"

"I want to." He assures. A little too quickly. A little too eagerly.

Another fascinating observation.

"Great." She says. "I'll do some research in the meantime."

"You do that, Dr. Mohan."

She's pouring over a new article about the implications of AI technology further exacerbating racial disparities in access to medical care when her phone rings, and she swipes to answer without looking.

"How much reading did you *do*?"

"Oh, good! You read it." She beams, rest of her glued to the laptop.

"All eleven pages, yes." Dr. Abbot sounds bemused and a little in awe. It's a fun combination.

"I take my research seriously, especially if it has to do with your safety." She says, words weighted. She blinks rapidly. "God, could you imagine if something happened and we had to take you to the pit?"

She'd have to quit, unfortunately, which is certainly not a part of her five-year plan.

Dr. Abbot is quiet for a minute and she glances over to see if he hung up.

"When do you wanna do this?" He asks, voice gruff.

"Text me your schedule for the next two weeks. I'll see when I can pencil you in." She smiles when she hears him huff, but a couple of seconds later her phone lights up with a text.

Four days later, Abbot enters her apartment, and something's different. They're not making out against her front door, for one, so already a change of pace. But he's holding himself stiffer, taking off his shoes and his jacket, and then pausing in her entryway.

Dr. Jack Abbot doesn't hesitate.

Samira watches him in her periphery, notes his double take as she ushers him into the kitchen rather than directly to the bedroom.

"Water first." She suggests and doesn't wait for his agreement. She passes him a glass and makes sure he drinks at least half.

"We don't have to do anything, you know that." Abbot offers, out of the blue.

She'd laugh if she didn't feel a pang in her chest at his constant reassurance. "Funny, I was about to say the same thing to you."

The corner of his mouth twitches and he meets her gaze head on.

"I'm good, only if you are." She says.

"I'm good, if you are." He says.

She likes watching him, her mind shares, as she reaches for his hand.

"I'm gonna do just your arms, I think." Samira mulls it over, perusing the ropes she has laid out. "I haven't had a ton of time to practice."

Jack shrugs, hands clasped in front of him as he sits on the edge of her bed. "Whatever you want."

She frowns, a question that's been formulating over the past month on the tip of her tongue. "What about what you want?"

Jack glances up. "I would think it would be obvious by now."

She cocks her head, not understanding.

"You, Samira."

She inhales. "Yeah, but -"

"No buts. Just you."

She stares and he stares back. The sterile environment they had inadvertently created when he first arrived starts to seep out, replaced with something far more palpable.

Jack holds out his wrists for her, and winks. Samira thinks she's discovered something she appreciates as much as research.

It's slow and methodical. She has Jack strip himself of his shirt and pants, choosing to leave his boxer briefs on for the time being. Impatient, she plants a kiss to his lips and he meets her for the second, and third. It helps in loosening them both, though she notices the way he swallows harshly when she asks him to sit.

They face each other, cross-legged, and it's the first time that Samira recognizes how strange it all is. The two of them, what they're planning, and the expectation that they'll go back to work together as if none of this happened. It should be strange, shouldn't it? As Jack observes her, intensity a permanent feature, she cares less and less about those shoulds and shouldn'ts.

Samira takes his hands and slides their palms together, travels up past his wrists, coming to rest on his forearms.

"I'm gonna go to about here." Communication is extra important, her research had emphasized. "You'll have full mobility of your elbows, but your forearms and wrists will be pinned together and I'll connect it to the headboard. Your hands will be wrapped, but looser, in case -"

In case of what, exactly, she's not sure. But something tells her it's the right decision to make.

Jack hums in acknowledgment. His eyes never leave her face, not when she retreats, not when she retrieves the grey, braided rope - too shiny to be anything but new. She rests one length of the rope in his palm but stops herself.

"You'll tell me, if anything's wrong? Or hurts, or pulls at your hair? Or if -"

He cuts her off. "I'll tell you."

She believes him. Samira smiles, a small thing that Jack mirrors, whether conscious or not. And then she gets to work.

They're not doing anything intense, nothing that would require any strict boundary negotiation. She simply wanted to see what he would look like, restrained. She simply wanted to see how he'd react, unable to touch her when he hopelessly wanted to. She simply wanted to see what it would take for Jack Abbot to lose a little bit of control.

It's an interesting exercise in meditation, she finds. Her fingers are as careful and precise as if she was with a patient. Hard to navigate, at first, what with the length of the rope. At one point she accidentally smacks Jack in the face with the tail end of it and she very pointedly does not laugh at his glare. Once she gets into a rhythm, though, a blanket of calm settles. She's diligent, focused on wrapping the two pieces around and around his wrists, pulling tight enough that his wrists cinch together with a bit of wiggle room. She follows the pattern up, from wrist to forearm, a morbid interest piquing in how the grey rope stands out against his skin. Once she hits the middle of his forearm, she loops the strands under the column and tucks them through the knot at his wrist.

Samira pulls taut, cinching it all into place, and she hears Jack's sharp inhale.

Her head whips up, no longer transfixed by the lovely column of rope she's created - not too shabby for a newbie - but on Jack's face. There's a flicker of something on his face, almost as if his reaction is a surprise to himself.

It's all so deeply interesting.

"Okay?" She asks.

"Okay." He says.

"Not too tight?" She asks and he tests the restraints, hard enough to see the smallest amount of give. "How's your circulation?"

"Vitals are stable, Dr. Mohan." He quips and she pats her handiwork.

"First try, it's kinda good!" She's giddy, a little flushed at how well it seems to be going so far.

“I will say I’m impressed - though I had no doubts.” He purses his lips, clearly fighting a smile.

“I’m pretty good with my hands.”

“I know.” And in the context, it should sound dirty. Except there’s no heat behind it, only a fixed approval, an adamant recognition of the truth. That Samira Mohan is extraordinary at what she does.

She leans in, resting heavily against his chest to kiss him. His hands are pinned between them, but there’s space for his fingers to flex against her stomach, to tug at her shirt. Eventually she pulls back.

“Ready?” She breathes out.

“Always.” He assures.

She helps him scoot over until his head lands into the pillow with a short exhale, a disgruntled look flashing for a moment. Samira stops, concerned.

“What is it - did it tug at your skin?” Scanning his arms, she doesn’t see any pink or irritation, doesn’t see any discoloration.

“No.”

She sits on her heels and surveys him, coming to a disappointing but necessary conclusion.

“Alright, I’m gonna untie you.” She says and Jack makes a bewildered noise. “I don’t want you doing this for my benefit.”

“I’m not.” Her hands reach for the knot and his own fingers close around them, trapping as best he can. “Mohan, I swear, I’m not.”

“You keep -”

“You’re doing all the work.” He slumps into the pillows at the admission, jaw flexing.

She blinks.

“You’re doing everything and I’m sitting here, like a jackass.”

Samira wants to laugh in pure disbelief, but refrains. She chews on her lip, determined to do this next part right.

"Do you trust me?" She asks.

"Yes." He responds, no hesitation.

It lights something in her chest, a startled thump of her heart. She grabs the end of the rope and loops it through the spokes of her headboard, fastening an easy double knot. She tightens until Jack's forearms run parallel to the bed and his elbows jut into the air. He watches her movement closely, the only sign he's affected the slight parting of his lips.

"Tug for me." She whispers and he complies. The knot holds.

Samira shifts off the bed, much to Jack's consternation. Any argument dies on his tongue when she slides her hands into her sweatpants and pushes them to her ankles, stepping out. Her hands move to her shirt.

"Slow." He clears his throat. "Slower."

She takes her time stripping the shirt off next.

All the air rushes out of him in a second.

Blue. Deep blue, teasing across her breasts, across her pelvis. She climbs onto the bed, crawling up his legs, past the erection beginning to strain at his briefs.

"Don't take them off. Never take them off."

She puts on a mock frown. "You don't want to see me naked?"

"No, I - fuck." Jack's brow furrows, genuine anguish flashing across his face.

She straddles his stomach, marking a trail up from his sides to his biceps. When she reaches his hands, she presses two of his fingers to the inside of her wrist. She waits until realization hits.

"This is good for me." She likes the way his fingers press harder, can tell that he's counting even if he doesn't mean to. "I want you, like this. I'm exactly where I want to be." An echo, a memory.

She needs him to understand that for all of the desire she has to relinquish role and responsibility into his very capable fingertips, this too is desire. This, too, is want.

Jack exhales, eyelids fluttering. But when he regards her, she thinks

she can see the acceptance, the assurance. "Okay. I trust you." A reiteration, with deeper meaning. Her stomach swoops and she bends down, kisses him fiercely because the sentiment is worth rewarding.

She shuffles backward, core rubbing against his stomach to ease some tension. He squirms under her, adjusting to the position and having her on top of him. She rubs idle patterns into his skin, scraping against his nipple when she gets particularly curious. He tosses her a look and she simply laughs, continues her trek down to his stomach. Hesitates at an old, almost completely faded scar spanning across his lower abdomen.

Eventually, she sways onto his thighs and rests her hand to the side of his erection. Toys with the edge of his waistband, lets it snap back against his skin.

"Samira -" He warns, more breathless than authoritative.

"Hm?" Her fingernails continue to brush against the trail of hair that leads deliciously below. "Can I help you with something, Jack?"

He should have *known*.

Dr. Jack Abbot is not a stupid man, far from it. With the roles reversed, he should have anticipated how this would go: a teasing, a push and pull, a retribution for the way he edged her, wound her up. She was never going to let him get off so easily - literally.

Dr. Jack Abbot remains a stubborn man, however, and his pride can occasionally provide a stumbling block, or so his therapist says. So his mouth stays firmly shut. And, of course, Dr. Samira Mohan takes this as a challenge.

She snatches her hand away, inches from his cock, and Jack's eyes go wide. When she bounces away, he begins shaking his head, vicious and adamant. But his mouth will not open.

Samira slides her panties down her legs, bundles them in her hand and flushes, a chuckle escaping. "That's kinda embarrassing."

He makes an interested sound. She pretends he isn't there.

"They're a bit too damp for how little we've done."

Jack groans and flexes against the restraints.

"If you aren't gonna talk, maybe I should shove these in your mouth?"

Samira has lost her mind. Samira is certain now there's something wrong with her, some kind of neurological condition that's been worsening all these months, because the words come out and she didn't realize she was thinking them in the first place.

But, oh.

Jack.

His eyes go wild, breathing picking up without a single finger touching him. "Yes." He demands, voice hoarse like he's been yelling. "Let me taste you."

She wants - oh, does Samira want - but she shakes her head, apologetic. "Can't do that. Not safe when your hands are tied up."

"So untie me." His head lifts, darting between her eyes and the panties dangling from her fingertips.

"No." She says.

The temperature shifts. Jack pants audibly, once, then shuts his mouth again. Falls back into the pillow but stares at her, gaze as unnerving.

He trusts her, she affirms. The power is like the strongest rush of dopamine she's ever experienced.

Samira returns, hooking a leg and settling into his lap once more. She pauses, waits for the buzz of his body to start up, the restless energy when she's motionless for too long. Wants to know how much time it'll take before his stubbornness fails him.

She quirks an eyebrow and his nostrils flare.

"Sit on my face."

It's not what she expected him to say, and her expression gives her away. His mouth twitches, amused at the abrupt about-face of their dynamic. She shivers and he crooks his thighs under her, a nice call and response.

But then she remembers their predicament. "I might hurt you. And you wouldn't be able to tell me if -"

"I don't care." He assures hurriedly, then swallows at her frown.

Changes tactics. "I can knock my hand against the bar, like this." He demonstrates, the metal ring clanking against the rods. The sound is grating, perfect to grab her attention.

She's not entirely convinced. "I don't know."

"Samira." He chooses his next words carefully. "I want it."

And it's what she's been waiting for, isn't it? For him to articulate what he wanted, for him to voice his desires without second-guessing if they're matched, if they're -

Deserved.

"Do it again." She says, gesturing at his hands. He smacks both in rapid succession, the ring on his one hand making a louder noise than the other; but both are clear, sure indications.

And yet.

"Do you trust me?" Jack asks, gravely serious.

Of course she trusts him. That's the whole point of this. "Yes."

"Then get up here."

She didn't think about what it would...entail, is the thing. Hovering awkwardly, Samira's attention keeps darting down and then away again, willing herself to remember the conviction she wielded mere seconds ago. Jack stares up at her - because of course he does, because he does *nothing else* - breath coming heavy.

He waits and she knows he's giving her time, not going to push her. She spreads her knees wider and starts to sink down, slowly. She hears his hum of approval, feels the puffs of breath at her thighs. She thinks about pausing, dragging out the teasing, but it's as if Jack can read her mind. His neck snaps up and suddenly his tongue is directly on her clit, and Samira has to grasp onto the top of the headboard so she doesn't slam her head into the wall.

"Jesus, Jack." It's a laugh and a moan rolled together. There's a voraciousness dictating his tongue, the threat of her ripping the opportunity away at any moment.

"Come on, come lower." His voice isn't deep, but it's gritty and raw. She doesn't hold back, bears down into his hot, waiting mouth while keeping some weight in her knees so she doesn't suffocate him.

She's always liked the idea of oral sex, both giving and receiving. But as Jack eats her out like he can't get a handle on himself, like he's been deprived of something for too long, she does wonder about real pleasure, about passion, about serendipity.

Reverence, the thought hits as his tongue dips inside, curls into what feels like an impossible shape. He keeps moving between her clit and her core, as if he can't decide what deserves more attention. She knows he's listening for her sounds, the gasps and moans that indicate he's on the right track. It's a level of veneration she never thought she *could* experience - never thought to seek out, to ask for. It leaves her breathless for a multitude of reasons she can't get a grasp on.

Other, more distracting notions in the present moment.

"Mhm, that's good." She groans, chin tucked to peer down at him. His eyes and brows peek out in a way that would be hilarious if he wasn't actively sidetracking her ability to hold a single, coherent thought. "Really good, Jack."

She's unconsciously taken on the role of speaking, what with his mouth fully occupied. Holding her hips as still as possible, her eyelids threaten to shut as he circles round and round.

He gives one, solid suck of her clit and her control slips. She grinds, hard, into his face - can feel his nose bruising into her pubic bone - and then gasps, immediately pulling back, apology forming.

"No please, Samira. *Please*." Jack begs.

He *begs*.

Samira cannot move, eyes blown wide, mouth fallen open. There's slick already coating his mouth, his stubble, and he gasps as he fights against the rope, as his neck strains trying to reach her.

"Please come back. Fuck, *fuck* -" His hips buck off the bed. She's not sure he registers it. "Ride my fucking face."

She chokes on her own spit.

Samira is not someone easily surprised. She believes it comes from her

systematic evaluation of each situation, willing to suspend any preconceived assumptions if it means getting to the truth of the matter. She's not usually surprised at her own responses either; had spent her twenties exploring, determining what she liked and what she very much didn't, noting points of further intrigue and inquiry.

So it's for this reason that her reaction to Dr. Jack Abbot - sprawled under her, tied up, begging for her pussy - slams into her with all the grace of a fucking car crash.

Lucidity, clarity, evocation.

"Wow. You..." She can't stop roving over every part of him she can see, taking in the line of tension in his limbs, the grasp of his hands in the rope's fabric. She'd been so focused on not screwing this up, on not hurting him, that she had missed the vision.

There's a word swirling that Samira knows, with no small amount of certainty, cannot pass her lips. Knows that if she says it, he would call the whole thing off. It's not a bad thing, she doesn't mean it in any way to tease him or rile him up. She means it earnestly.

He looks so *vulnerable* like this.

And she doesn't comprehend why it makes her teeth ache, why it sends her stomach roiling. Samira doesn't quite understand her relationship with Jack Abbot; perhaps this is merely an extension of that. But for a second there's a yawning chasm within her, the smallest inkling as to how Jack feels when he looks at her.

Her pulse spikes, her skin grows clammy. She remembers the feeling, the adrenaline high after the shift from hell, how it made her feel invincible, on top of the world. She chased the feeling then and, without any real conscious thought, finds herself chasing it once more.

She taps his bound hand, a soft reminder of their agreement, and returns to her rightful place.

"Don't stop, don't you dare stop." She gets out, grinding down with more force as she clutches at Jack's hair. Her other hand rests against her pubic bone, holding herself open so he can continue his unrelenting focus on her clit without interference. She's got enough reasoning left to keep track of his hands (knuckles white where they

grip the metal slats) and his arms (tense between her thighs and his ears, preventing her from crushing him), but she always ends up back on his eyes.

Jack Abbot is faltering.

His eyes keep drifting closed and then springing back open, seeking her out. She was worried at first that he was genuinely unable to breathe. But when she had tried to pull away, the groan he had released - loud and unabashed - left no room for doubts.

She thinks he's losing control.

She can feel his hips jolting every once in a while behind her, his hands repeatedly flexing and grabbing at the bars, red flush on the half of his face not covered. It's driving her deeper, in search of something she's not exactly sure of but desperately wants to uncover.

A harsh sound, metal against metal.

Samira reels back immediately, hand releasing his hair and the other grappling to intertwine their fingers.

"Just a second." Jack gasps out, sucking in air with a dumbstruck look on his face. She doesn't move, doesn't say a word, simply licks at her dry lips.

His body shudders and maybe it's from the rush of oxygen to his brain, but Samira wonders if there's not something else in it as well. With a check over her shoulder, she notices the wet stain on the front of his light gray briefs. Swallows the moan back down her parched throat.

"Okay, come back, I'm good." His neck strains, tongue dancing out.

"You're sure?"

"Yes, god, fuck yes."

She trusts him, after all.

When the orgasm eventually rips through her body, Samira forgets herself momentarily. She forgets where she is, who is under her, the proper order of operations for a laceration repair. All she knows is the taste of Jack's name on her tongue, the sound of his moan as she

releases, and the feeling of bliss that soaks through her every blood cell.

The forgetfulness is over quickly, and lucky in his case. She loosens her thighs, divots squeezed into his triceps. She places hands onto the headboard, leverages herself up, legs shaky as she collapses onto her ass next to Jack's bound arms. She glances over to check on him.

Her breath fails her.

Jack is a taut line of tension, body quivering with barely concealed restraint. He blinks into the empty space above him, chest heaving, wetness from his nose to his neck beginning to dry. He mutters something she barely catches.

"Fuck."

Exhaustion suddenly loses all meaning; the adrenaline returns, colliding into her body. She needs to touch him and there is a thrum of power humming under her skin as he shakes, as he pants, as he *wants*.

Samira's hand falls onto his stomach and Jack coughs out a gasp, like her light caress was a sucker punch to the celiac plexus.

"Don't." His voice sounds wrecked, desecrated. "Not yet."

She stares, eyes ablaze and mind centering into one fixed point.

"But I want to."

His stomach jumps at her statement.

"Samira, untie me." He warns, words cracking at the end when her hand slips further down.

"No." She says. His forehead creases and his mouth flattens out. "You remember the word that gets you out of this, don't you Jack?"

They had talked it through, of course. She had been insistent, despite his best efforts to remain passively indifferent. Had made him write it on the research document, a safe word they could both agree on. As soon as he uttered it, the rope would be off his body as quick as she could get her hands on it.

("And what if I tell you to untie me?" He had asked, a smirk on his face.

"You think that'll make a difference?" She had liked the way his brows had jumped, the way his hand had twitched at his side.)

He clenches his jaw tight, but nods. She waits for the word.

It doesn't come. And Samira grins.

Her fingers finally meet the wet patch and she pushes against the head of his cock.

A sound escapes Jack, a sound that seems to emerge from deep within, a sound she can tell he fights valiantly, tooth and nail, to contain.

Jack whimpers and Samira's brain whites out.

The only thing Samira can hear is a faint rushing in her ears. She's never witnessed a face turn that red, that fast; he tucks into his bicep, a cloying attempt at hiding.

"It was hot." She blurts out, rushing forward and sticking her wrist by his hands, nudging them open. "It was really fucking hot."

He doesn't budge until his fingers wrap around her pulse point, feeling its racing beat, no longer from orgasm alone. It takes him another moment to calm his ragged breathing and when they lock eyes, her fragile self-restraint snaps. She surges forward and kisses him, licks at his teeth, mouths at his jaw until he's hopefully forgotten any lingering unease.

"It was -" She whispers against his lips, shivering - partly from the drying sweat on her exposed skin, but mainly from him.

He swallows, cheeks still pink, but doesn't try to avoid her gaze again.

"You wanna keep going?" The words are not fully out of her mouth before he's groaning, rocking hips up and almost knocking her off balance.

"God, yes." The spark reignites in his eyes and her shoulders sag, grateful.

"Maybe I can see if I can drag some more *pretty noises* from you, hmm?" It's gotta be the ropes, the prone position. It has to be a concrete, measurable thing that is making Samira confident like this,

making her cocky and teasing.

Or maybe it is just Jack.

He grunts, a snarl at his lips, but that pink deepens to red and he doesn't use the word. And that - that has to mean something.

She rocks against his trapped cock, but doesn't tease him for long, aware of the hair trigger sensitivity. He lifts his hips to help her relieve him of the material, heavy cock slapping against his stomach. She circles - sure of the soreness that is going to wrack her tomorrow - and smiles at the way his arms brace, the way his breathing stutters in his chest. Does it again and again, because he gets this bedraggled expression and also because it feels phenomenal.

"I think we uncovered a secret about you tonight, Jack." She takes his cock in her hand, pumps him a couple of times but keeps her hand loose. He moans into the air. "I think you like being tied up."

"In your dreams." He doesn't sound very convinced himself.

Her smile turns wicked. "Oh definitely in my dreams." She pushes his cock down, slides her core over it, and matches his gasp. "This is going to be stuck in my dreams for weeks." Repeats the motion and shudders as the head of his cock bumps her clit. Weighs onto one knee so she can steady herself with a foot on the bed. "Gonna be hard to get those seven hours of sleep you say I need." Presses the head of his cock to her entrance, bites at her lip.

"You -"

"Are you gonna take responsibility for that, Jack?"

"Samira -"

She sinks down an inch and moans. "Are you gonna -"

A clanging sound against metal and Samira's head whips up. Jack's eyes are wide, neck lifted and mouth pressed flat.

The words break through clenched teeth. "Samira, the condom."

Her head falls, sees where he's just pushed into her, and -

Oh, *fuck*.

"Oh my god." She whispers, nearly falling over in her haste. "Holy shit,

oh my god." She covers her mouth with her hands.

"Hey, it's okay." Jack tracks her as she stands up, scrubs at her face.

"I didn't even..." She shakes her head furiously. "I didn't mean to, Jack, I swear I -"

"Woah, hey, I know." His brow furrows and his hands try to reach, a scowl forming when he realizes he can't get to her.

"I was too caught up in - but that's not an excuse, what the fuck." Her stomach is starting to hurt and she can't stop her feet from moving, and -

"Equilateral."

The word hits her in the chest and it's the exact thing she needed to hear. Her body is moving on autopilot, her hands are at the headboard before she can blink. The movements are mechanical; first, she unknots him from the headboard and then starts to unwrap the rope from his forearms. It's about halfway undone when he rips his arms apart, the material loose enough to fall on its own.

And then Jack's arms are around her, hauling her into his front.

"I know you didn't do it on purpose. I know you were caught up in the moment, we both were. And I know you would never do anything I didn't want you to do, which is how I knew you would see when I got your attention."

His words wash over her, settling in like a balm against her anxiety.

"I swear I'm not usually that reckless." She mutters, looping arms around his middle.

He huffs out a laugh. "You're not reckless, ever. Unless I push you to be."

She grins into his chest, and it feels strangely like an inside joke.

Still, "I'm sorry. I'm on birth control, if it's any consolation."

He moves her back, despite her reluctance, and nods, seeking out her gaze. "It's okay." Jack pauses. "To clarify: it is not that I didn't...but I wouldn't want you doing anything you'd regret in the morning."

"Mhm. So, add it to the list for a next time?" It's a lame attempt at a

joke to disperse the lingering apprehension, one she quickly regrets until she sees the way his expression shudders and his eyes slam shut.

"A next time. Yes." He murmurs and then he is kissing her. She cups a gentle palm to his cheek, reassured as his hands run up her arms and maneuver her by the shoulders.

Assurance morphs into confusion as he moves away from her, as he resettles, as he tosses the rope off of the bed, as his hands bend and -

He grasps onto the metal posts of her headboard and gives her a heady, pointed look.

"Only if you still want to." He rolls his tongue over his lips.

"Oh yes, please." She whispers and almost tumbles off the bed, searching for a condom in her drawer.

Their position is identical, except now she knows that Jack could touch her at any moment, could grab her hips, her thighs, her breasts. It's an experiment, one that both of them are primed for. An electric hum travels from his body to hers.

It all depends on his self-control.

Samira curves fingers into his chest, releases a loud moan into the room as she cants her hips forward and back, working herself up into a steady rhythm. The ropes were lovely, but there's something to be said for Samira, a goal-oriented person, to try and make the man underneath her fall apart. They're both stubborn, after all.

"Fuck, baby, you feel good." She whines and oh, she never said she was above playing dirty. Jack's eyes flash, clocking her intentions.

"You look so pretty using my cock." He breathes out and a shiver runs down her spine, interrupting her flow. No one said Jack Abbot couldn't give as good as he got. "So beautiful, god Samira, you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

Damn him.

"I want you to touch me." She pleads. "You know how to touch me, Jack, *please*."

He has to shake his head at that, nostrils flaring. She fights the laugh. Who knew sex could be so fun? "No, you don't. You want me to keep my hands right where they are. You want to use me."

Fuck, but isn't he right?

She bears down, more determined. What she wants, more than anything, she's not sure she can get. But Samira is no quitter.

His head lolls to the side and when he's distracted, her fingers scrape across his skin and tweak both his nipples at the same time.

His neck jerks up, hands releasing and then clenching firmer on the posts. His hips buck up into her - she only just catches herself on his chest, but it does the trick.

His breath escapes him in a punched out whimper.

She preens, teeth gleaming in delight.

"You don't play fucking fair, do you Mohan?" His voice borders on delirious.

"Not sure what you mean by that - *Abbot*." His name is punctuated with a hard roll of her hips.

She notices shuffling behind her, can actually feel the way his abdomen tenses and engages under her hands. Jack plants his feet onto the bed and fucks up into her with all his riveted concentration.

"*Oh*." She jolts, shifts to escape the sudden force except she doesn't want to escape, doesn't want to miss how his cock bullies her sweet spot. "You - *fuck* - yeah, yeah."

"That's where my girl wants to be?" He doesn't try to temper his voice, lets the words crackle and flame. "Let go, Samira, we both know you're gonna come first."

The absolute gall of a doctor.

"I'm not the one who almost - god, *god* -" She stutters. His tempo slows, his stomach trembling. "Who almost came from one touch."

He laughs, though it turns high and breathy when she fucks herself back onto his cock, regaining the momentum. "You should watch yourself come in the mirror, Samira, and see what you look like. Then we can talk."

She doesn't mean to. It's purely reflexive - it's his voice, she tells herself, nothing more. But Samira feels herself clamp around his cock and buck her hips forward.

His mouth opens. "Oh?"

Fuck, *fuck*.

A laugh - no, a cackle - is ripped from his throat. "Oh, fuck. That's - you're -" He can't formulate the thought, can do nothing but pierce her gaze and tuck his chin, an implicit bid for her focus. She meets him. "You should know how pretty you are when you come. I'll show you - when your mouth drops open, when your eyes glaze over, when you make those fucking sweet sounds. You can watch yourself each time I make you come."

Samira has a sneaking suspicion she's losing whatever game they're playing.

Her body moves of its own accord, seeking an edge that's building far quicker than she expected. He's right - she's gonna come first and she can't find the will to be upset about it.

Stubbornness has a way of persevering, though.

She slows down her grinding, panting and clutching at his chest. "I can't, I'm too tired, Jack."

His lips smack together. "You're - what?"

The small, subtle jerking of her waist continues, despite her best efforts. It's a game, of course it is, but Samira's also keyed up and on the precipice.

"I can't keep going, but I still want -" She huffs out, and she plays her final trump card. Mustering all of her acting prowess, Samira blinks down at him - those big, brown eyes he can't stop watching - and curls her lip. "I still want you to make me come."

Samira banks on one truth she's collected enough evidence for: Dr. Jack Abbot is a man of his word.

She watches his face harden, his pupils dilate; swears she can feel his cock pulse inside of her and squirms because of it. And then Samira is moving. One second, Jack is glaring fiercely up at her; the next, she is being flipped onto her back, pinned down, gazing up at him.

"Fuck it." He grits out and then Jack makes good on his promise.

There's little finesse, just a real and determined desire leaking out of both of them. He grips at any part of her he can - her waist, her arm, her breast - as he fucks into her and Samira scratches up his skin, moans right into his ear, likes the way he shakes around her because of it.

He seeks out her mouth, kisses bruised into her lips. She communicates in a brusque, staccato rhythm how good it is, how good he is, how much she wants to come.

They're both ticking time bombs and less than two minutes later, Samira's moans turn into breathy gasps. As soon as Jack hears the change, he grunts, grits his teeth, and slides his hands between their legs. He finds her clit and Samira chokes on nothing.

"You were right, Samira." He folds over her, voice breaking. "I did like being tied up by you."

Samira comes, grasping at his biceps, clamping around his cock, crying out.

The second she tightens, Jack is right there with her. His fingers do their best to keep working her clit over, but his pounding starts to waver and she swears her orgasm is prolonged by the sounds he relinquishes into her ear.

"Oh - oh, you -" His voice goes high in a way she hasn't heard before, desperation at the edges, and she rolls her hips into his again, a back and forth that feels like it could go on forever. He collapses into her, matching sweat-laden skin, forehead pressing against the bra she just remembered she's still wearing.

"It is the most beautiful thing I've ever seen." He says as his fingers trace the sheer material, as his thumb swipes at a nipple. She grabs a handful of his hair and yanks him up, swallowing his whimper and taking all the more that she wants.

In the after, she sits him on the lip of her tub and rubs lotion into his forearms, slowly making her way to his wrists.

"This is unnecessary." He states for the third time and she rolls her

eyes. She's wearing his t-shirt and his eyes keep wandering down to it.

"It was part of the research. Now, be quiet." She continues her ministrations. The lavender smell consumes the bathroom and it's soothing, actually, in a similar way to the ropes. Contemplative, ritualistic. Jack keeps opening his mouth to say something - probably to make some dumb, ill-timed quip - and she keeps silencing him with pointed glares. Eventually he sighs, starts rubbing her hands right back. She wants to argue but if it occupies him, she'll take anything.

Samira screws on the lid of the lotion and when she turns back, he's watching her carefully.

"We should do something."

Well, that's not what she had meant to say.

"Do...something." He repeats.

"Yeah."

He waits a beat. "Right now?"

"No, like -" She thinks, foot tapping where it's propped up next to his knee. He places a hand on her vibrating leg without taking his eyes off of her. "Some other time."

"We should do something. Some other time." That thing with his mouth again, like he's got a jawbreaker in there.

She grimaces. "You know what I mean."

"Oh, I absolutely do not."

"Like - sit on my couch. Order takeout. Watch a movie." She does a gesture with her hand that's supposed to mean something.

He nods, still looking perplexed. "Okay."

"Okay." She says, forces herself to sound more sure. "When are you free?"

"I'm back on night shift starting Sunday."

She waits for more. "So..."

He gives her a once-over. "So any time that's...not midnight to 7am?"

"Do you not *do* anything else?" She asks, bewildered.

He squints at her. "What would I do during the day while everyone else is at work, besides sleep?"

He's got her there.

"What about you?"

"I'm doing four on, three off and that starts...Monday, I think?" She tries to picture the chart hanging in her kitchen. "I'm free any of the days off."

He licks at his lips, corner of his mouth tugging up. "You don't...do anything?"

She opens her mouth and then shuts it. Blanches. Shoves his face away from her when he starts to smile in earnest.

"Don't make that face - it's different!"

"Okay." He shrugs, doubtful and not even trying to hide it.

She resists the childish urge to flick him between the eyebrows. Instead, she stands and offers a hand to haul him up.

He takes it, but doesn't let her get far. "Takeout and a movie on your couch."

She nods.

Jack sniffs. "Sounds nice."

Samira beams. "Right?"

Chapter End Notes

well, we've come to the end my friends. i am taking a break from writing for a little bit, otherwise i might crash out. i want to return to abbotmohan nation at some point, who knows!

thank you all for this wild ride and thank you all for your amazing comments, messages. it's been so thrilling. see you on july 4th weekend.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

“Spread your legs for me.” Jack’s voice is gritty in her ear. It’s strange to not be able to see him - not to look him right in the face, she should say. Like this, though, she can witness everything: his eyes raking over her body, his hands grabbing at the inside of her thighs - high up, thumbs squeezing divots into her hip bones - and driving them open.

She refuses to look anywhere but at him as she is laid bare.

“You can watch me for now.” He simpers, knows what she’s doing. “But you’ll get curious eventually. You’re one of the most curious people I know.”

Chapter Notes

lol so i'm back. updated tags.

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Samira's mother calls her on a Tuesday evening, when she's recovering from a shift imbued with some of the most confrontational people designed to get under her skin.

"I'm going to be in Pittsburgh on Friday for a conference."

"You can stay here!" Samira says immediately, false cheer soaked in every syllable. "I've got night shift, you can take my bed."

It should be stated for the record that Samira did not, in fact, have night shift on Friday.

It's complicated.

Samira and her mother rarely see eye to eye, not since her father died. Samira's mother took his passing as a sign to abandon her faith in the

medical field, to shift to alternative medicine and spirituality as the totalizing recognition of the human condition. Samira, clearly, took a different approach to holistic treatment - addressing the trauma directly.

Who's coping mechanism has proven to be 'healthier' is up for debate.

In the end, Samira's mother didn't take too kindly to her daughter working in the place she claimed was the sole reason her husband was no longer with them. As one can imagine, it made weekly dinners tough for some time.

They've reached a temporary armistice in the last year, reluctant acceptance, plastered niceties. It works if they only see each other every couple of months for a carefully curated two to three hour window. It's all fine; Samira would much rather an awkward relationship with her remaining parent than none at all. Disappointment is something she bred out of herself, especially when it came to her mother.

Back to the problem at hand.

"Uh, yes! It'll be a squeeze if that's alright." Mel's eyes dart everywhere but at Samira's face. "The pull out isn't huge, and my sister sometimes gets up in the middle of the night, but as long as you explain to her that -"

Samira holds up a palm, concern marring her expression. "Mel, hold on. Do you sleep on a pull out couch?"

"Oh, it's temporary. I'm trying to move us to a two-bedroom soon, that way we each have our own space." Mel's smile is brittle, brows flattening in that way they do when she's evaluating the statement that came out of her mouth. "If you're okay with us sharing -"

Samira's learning how to be better at this whole friend thing and, apparently, she's got some work to do.

"Send me your schedule when you get a chance." Samira interrupts. "We'll do coffee and I can help you look for places. I've gotten pretty

good at finding out if an apartment has cockroaches or not."

Mel blinks a handful of times, hands wringing. "That's not necessary."

"I'd like to, though."

Mel's face goes through a series of expressions, landing on a relief so palpable it almost makes Samira tear up. "Th-thanks."

"That's what friends are for."

Samira's favorite thing about Mel - something she's come to cherish, didn't realize the importance of when they were first learning to work together as colleagues - is how she makes her a better communicator. Upfront, direct, clear in her words and mannerisms. Sometimes, Samira relishes the ability to not second-guess what she's saying, not with Mel.

"But what about Friday?" Mel asks as they head over to the patient board.

Samira smiles. "I'll figure it out. Not a problem."

Santos laughs in her face. "No can do, Slow-Mo. I've got a hookup scheduled for Friday and we can get loud."

Whittaker's face pops up from behind the computer, stricken. "What? Since when!"

"It's on the calendar by the front door, Huckleberry."

Whittaker rubs at his face. "I forgot to check."

Samira doesn't have the time, energy, or inclination to dissect this dynamic, so she walks away.

Turns out it's not the easiest to find a place to crash at when you've got a limited pool of new friends and acquaintances, and the majority of them are your work colleagues.

Samira seriously considers a hotel room - it's one night, after all - but

she can't bear the expense; her mother's frugality rings in her ears about waste, about losing your roots.

There's one option, certainly. One option that flitted through her mind when she had first hung up with her mother, one that she had quickly smothered because it was ridiculous and absurd and just because you had life-altering sex with someone for months on end doesn't mean you can -

"Hey." She catches Dr. Abbot as he's leaving in the early dawn of Wednesday. There's a timer ticking down in her mind and Samira really, *really* can't spend a night with her mother in that tiny apartment. Circling the barren space, suppressing faces at the medical books strewn, contempt on her features as she takes in the empty fridge, the lack of pictures, the absence of life.

She just - can't. Not right now.

(She's working on it, okay?)

"Dr. Mohan." Dr. Abbot greets, corners of his lips twitching. She matches with a small smile because they may be at work but it's fun, like there's a secret between them. Which, she guesses, is completely accurate. Maybe she's not opposed to the clandestine aspect after all.

"Are you working Friday night?" Decides to be straightforward, blunt. The worst he can do is say no.

(The worst he can do, actually, is reveal his disgust and report her to HR. But that's not rational; she just happens to be excellent at catastrophizing in moments like these.)

"Mhm." He waits, one hand grasping his backpack strap. "Are you?"

He knows she's not. Samira knows he knows, because he memorizes that schedule like it's his job - okay, fine, it is to a degree - and he's always got this look on his face when he knows they're working together. It's distinct from his other expressions, the other times she catches him staring.

She hasn't time to unpack that either, a lot going on.

"No, I..." Her courage starts to fail. "I actually had a favor to ask. And you can say no, obviously. It's kind of a big ask, and it might be inappropriate if you think about it -"

"Dr Mohan." Dr. Abbot interrupts, arms crossing and glancing around. They're outside by the circular entrance and there's no one around, but that could change in an instant.

"Can I crash at your place Fright night." The words tangle together in one breath and she refrains from wincing at how pathetic she sounds. It's not critical, she has to remind herself. (Other people probably don't feel this way about their mother.)

It's clearly not what he's expecting, because his mouth turns over and his eyebrows raise and Samira feels a bit like she's missed a step.

"Okay." He says.

Samira blinks. "Okay?"

"Yup." He checks his watch. "I'll pass off the spare set of keys tomorrow morning."

"You're working four nights in a row?" The frown forms without her realizing.

"Five." He amends, shrugs at her apprehension. "Shen's on vacation. But I'm off for a couple of days after Friday."

She doesn't like it, nor does she like the bags under his eyes. "Okay. Well, thank you. Seriously."

He shrugs again and leaves her with a, "Good morning, Dr. Mohan."

It's funny, when he says it. It's funny, because his sense of humor is lame which makes it all the more endearing.

So, if it's all funny and it's all resolved, why does she still feel off-kilter?

Déjà vu the following morning - mirrored positions, mirrored scrubs, mirrored exhaustion - when he hands her two keys on a carabiner accompanied with a small post-it note.

"The address."

Samira wants to smack herself. "*Right.*"

Dr. Abbot tightens his lips. "I'm usually out by 5:30. I'll change the sheets before I leave."

"Oh, no. There's no reason."

"You might as well use the bed."

"Just leave them out. I'll do it." She predicts his interjection. "Jack, please. I already feel guilty inconveniencing you like this."

His name was a slip-up, her extreme caution of the past months thrown out the window in one fell swoop. But she spent last night deep cleaning in preparation for her mother and she's tired and stressed out and, well.

It's been some time since they last...hung out, as she's taken to calling it.

"Don't feel guilty." He says.

"Don't change the sheets." She retorts.

Dr. Abbot grins. "Deal."

Her mother arrives and only makes two comments about her apartment, which Samira takes as a win. She's at a conference for most of the day, and they agree to meet for a late lunch at the Thai place Samira meticulously chose after hours of research. Her mother only makes three comments at the restaurant - about the food, about Samira's peakiness, about her job - and that's 2-0 for Samira.

Her hubris will ultimately be her downfall.

"Working yourself to the bone isn't sustainable in the long run, Samira."

The words themselves are not the problem - the sentiment isn't incorrect, and god knows she's heard the same refrain from her colleagues on repeat. It's how she says them. It's the years of history, bolstering them up, cracking them down. It's the lack of trust, lack of

grace, lack of...something else that Samira is not ready to face.

"I know, but I'm about to be a senior resident. Things should ease up after that."

Nothing could be farther from the truth, of course, and unfortunately Samira's mother is smarter than her beliefs would imply.

"Ah yes, senior residency, the easiest year." Her mother rolls her eyes and there's a pang in Samira's chest. "Please tell me you're at least socializing, networking outside of that place?"

And again: the idea itself is not what hurts. Her mother is right, and Samira's not too prideful to admit it.

But.

For once, Samira wants to be seen for who she is, in this moment. For once, Samira wants to hear that her hard work and dedication are felt, are recognized, are understood as an extension of who she is as a person.

For once, Samira wants her mother to see that while she may have started in the medical field because of her father's death, that sort of unconscious vengeance could not have taken her this far. She's here to rectify wrongs, to prevent the same mistakes from happening to those at the margins. It is a core tenet of Samira's personhood. But she knows - Samira *knows* - it will not bring her father back.

She wants her mother to acknowledge this truth: Samira is not chasing a ghost, not anymore.

Doctor Samira Mohan is fucking good at what she does. Full stop. No caveats.

She checks her phone. "I've got to head to work soon."

Mother looks at daughter. Sees what she wants to see. It is a tale as old as time. There is rarely any other ending.

Samira stands outside of Dr. Jack Abbot's building for a long time, to the point where she begins to worry about nosy neighbors and overeager cops. It's a family-style house, one of those ones with three,

maybe four, apartments. She bets he knows all of his neighbors, has some intuitive feeling that they like him - no matter how recalcitrant he tries to make himself appear.

“Can I help you, sweetheart?” A voice comes from behind Samira and she is unsuccessful in hiding the jump.

Pivoting, an older woman wanders up the path of the house, a guarded expression under her kind words. Samira is sure, without a shadow of a doubt, that this woman could probably kick her ass.

“Hi, sorry, I didn’t mean to -” She cuts herself off as the woman gives her a once-over. She pushes past Samira, heads up the steps. “I’m staying at my friend’s place.”

The older woman whips around, but she keeps her mouth sealed. Eyes turn critical, scrutinizing.

“I’m a friend of Dr. Abb - Jack’s.” Samira offers, because she’s still a stranger to this woman and it’s starting to get dark. She nearly laughs as the woman’s face transforms, a dawning comprehension, and under it - pure elation.

“I’ll be damned.”

There’s a beat and the woman lets out an incredulous laugh as she unlocks the front door.

“You tell Jack that Donna asked after him, alright?” The woman says and Samira nods hurriedly. “And that I’m totally givin’ him shit next time I see him.”

She doesn’t wait for Samira to respond or follow, and the door slams shut behind her.

Samira counts her being right as a win, on a technicality.

Dr. Abbot’s apartment is...interesting. Samira certainly has no room to judge, but there’s a sort of eclecticism to it she didn’t expect. It’s utilitarian, unsurprisingly - sparse furniture, but the stuff that is there looks comfy and lived-in. There’s some art, resting against walls as if he had meant to hang them up and simply forgotten. A bookshelf, only one shelf filled with medical books; though she finds piles of

articles - because of course he prints them out, probably uses the hospital printer - spread out on the kitchen island.

As she circles the space, a strangeness prickles at the back of her mind. A disconnect. She had assumed Abbot and her would be similar in this regard: an apartment rarely used, merely a place to exist between shifts. But Abbot's apartment is a home, filled with a random assortment of *stuff* that means someone lives here and probably for some time.

She's not sure why it creates a pit in her stomach.

Samira wanders towards the last room, presumably his bedroom, stopping with her hand on the doorknob. It's an intimacy, a level of trust, to let someone in your space when you're not around. It's compounded, Samira realizes, by the very fact that his apartment is not just an apartment. Samira couldn't care less about her place, confident it isn't an accurate reflection of who she is. But Abbot has a lot more at stake. It makes her hesitate, makes her consider.

He trusted her.

She's not sure what to make of that right now.

Instead of spiraling, she opens his bedroom door and lets out a short huff of laughter, so affectionate it makes her teeth ache.

There, on his stripped bed, lay a neat pile of crisply folded sheets.

Samira isn't sure how to handle herself. She eats the takeout she brought, a late night snack to tide her over. Washes the cutlery she uses and immediately puts them away. Considers taking out his garbage and then promptly tells herself - out loud, alone in the apartment - to chill the fuck out.

It isn't until she's pacing his living room and clocks the police scanner on a small desk that she loosens up. She snorts, finally settling into the couch with one of the articles that had caught her attention.

Time seems to slow down and speed up all at once. Her sleep schedule is kind of fucked from the back-and-forth scheduling of the past month and so she tries not to fight the fatigue that overcomes her after about an hour. Finds herself standing before Abbot's bed because - it is

strange, no? That the first time she's here, he's absent. That the first time she's here, it's with the sole intention of sleeping.

She shakes herself out of her musings and goes about her usual nightly routine. She hesitates only once as she pulls back the dark blue duvet cover, slides into the fresh sheets, sinks into a new bed. The mattress is firmer than hers, pillows a little too stiff.

She thinks about teasing him for needing more support in his old age. It's that thought - his potential reaction - that lulls her to sleep.

Samira swears she is an intelligent person. Swears that she has a working prefrontal cortex, thinks things through to their likely conclusion, analyzes situations in their totality. All of that mental strain she directs towards medicine; it's what makes her a damned good doctor.

So there's not a lot leftover for the more mundane aspects of life.

At least that's the excuse she's sticking with when she's woken up around 4am - disoriented in the new environment, in the semi-darkness, light coming in from the open bedroom door - and sees a figure at the dresser.

Samira opens her mouth and what comes out is,

"I have a scalpel and I know how to castrate someone."

And then her mind catches up, reminds her where she is.

There's a beat of silence and then a deeply troubled sigh. "*That's* what you'd say if I was an intruder?"

Samira blinks in the darkness, throat scratchy from sleep. "I panicked."

"Jesus, remind me to take you to a self-defense class. Soon, preferably." Jack hunches over the dresser, closing the drawer with less precision than he must have been working with before. "Sorry to wake you."

"s okay." She falls back into the pillows, heart rate slowing. Likes that she can only see the rough outline of him. Makes it feel like a dream,

like maybe she's still sleeping.

He moves back towards the bedroom door, gait a little slower, evidence of a long and probably mind-numbing shift. Pauses, as if remembering. "Toss me the other pillow, will you?"

Samira frowns.

"Where are you going?" She whispers, hands clutching the second pillow to her chest protectively.

"Shower. Then couch." She can see him holding out a hand expectantly.

Her brain is not firing on all cylinders. "Why?"

"Because I'm exhausted, Samira, and need to sleep."

"So sleep here." She wishes she could see his face. Wishes, suddenly and viciously, that he would crawl into bed beside her. Feels shaky with the depth of this want. She's failing miserably at keeping her eyes open, blames the lingering sleep biting at the edges of her consciousness. "Please, Jack."

He's silent, assessing. "Okay. I'll be right back."

She smiles.

She's practically unconscious by the time he returns, but she remembers him adjusting the covers, remembers the flash of cold before heat - delicious, encompassing heat - overwhelmed her. She remembers the sigh that had escaped her lips as she wiggled backwards until she could feel him. She remembers his hand coming up and around her waist.

And then Samira remembers nothing but the dense comfort of sleep.

Samira was 99.9% certain she had shut off her alarm. The shrill ringing communicates otherwise.

She shoves against heavy weight, receives a grunt for an accidental

elbow in the side. Sweeps hands across the side table until she finds the offending device. Not an alarm, a call. Great.

"Hello." She mumbles, voice thick with sleep.

"Samira, are you *asleep* at work?"

Her eyes fly open.

"Wha - no, no!" She sits up as far as the chest half-sprawled over her will allow. "I finished my shift -" Rips the phone away from her ear to make sure that's accurate. "- and I must have closed my eyes for a second."

Her mother's disdain seeps through the phone.

"You're stressed. You shouldn't be falling asleep at work."

Samira sighs, lets her head flop back. "Then I guess I need that cup of coffee. Where do you want to meet?"

She flattens her lips as his head lifts up, turns slowly, and levels her with a withering glare. It's not as effective as he might think it is, what with the bedraggled hair.

Cute, her mind supplies.

"That's why I'm calling. I had to move my train up, so I'll be heading out soon."

Disappointment can't touch her anymore, she must remember that.

"Can you give me...thirty minutes or so?" Samira doesn't have to say another word. Jack starts moving off of her instantly. "I have to get the keys from you."

Her mother sighs. As if it's *her* fault.

"Alright. But do hurry."

Samira is hopping into her jeans when she catches Jack surveying her. He's lounging on the pillow, one hand thrown over his eyes against the sun but fingers spread so he can still see her.

Very cute.

"My mom's leaving." The words are sharp on her tongue. "She couldn't have stayed an extra hour..."

His hand falls at her grumbling, one brow crooked.

"We were supposed to get lunch together and she cancelled on me."

"You have your day off free, Samira. That sounds like a good thing." And, *oh*. His voice, gravelly and underused, shedding off sleep. She swallows and he notices. "You can always stay here." His hand drapes behind his head. The sheet rides down slightly. But there is the tensing of his jaw, at his crow's feet. As if he's priming himself for rejection.

Samira blinks. "I have to get my keys."

"Okay."

She licks her lips. His eyes dip down for a split second. "I could come back. After, I mean."

His mouth twitches.

"Take care of yourself, darling." Her mother pats her palm against Samira's cheek, undeniable affection in the movement. And then, "I left some herbs in your kitchen. Consider using them, you look...sick."

Samira's mouth freezes in place and she forces away the tingling in her fingers, the prickling at her eyes, the chasm opening in her chest.

"Bye, mom." Courteous, polite. Like she was always meant to be.

When her mother closes the door behind, Samira waits in the middle of her sterile apartment. Waits until her skin stops itching, until the droning in her mind dulls down. Waits until the immense, undeniable anger subsides and she can breathe again.

"Right." She says to no one, like usual. Straightens her back, squares her shoulders. Packs up her bag with some cream, a spare pair of clothes. Gets a wicked thought - and because she's still feeling a little on edge, acts on it.

She's hovering again. What's the protocol here? It's not even 10am and he must have fallen back asleep - hopes he has, for his sake. He *had* told her to take the keys with her.

Samira gives herself one more minute of uncertainty before she's unlocking his apartment door and stepping back inside.

She does her best to keep her movements quiet, placing the fresh food in the fridge and dropping her backpack on the couch. Tiptoeing to his room - coffee and sandwiches balanced in her hands - Samira knows he's awake, military training presumably kicked into overdrive. She doesn't say anything, though; places the goodies down, slips back out of her jeans, and slides under the covers.

He immediately reaches for her - and maybe he's not as awake as she suspected if he's this clingy - tugging her into his chest. He presses his forehead to her clavicle, inhaling her.

"Hi." She whispers, fingers carding through his unkempt curls, easing out any small knots.

He grumbles some nonsense and within minutes, his breathing has evened out. Samira doesn't have to hide the grin that forms, and doesn't stop her gentle ministrations.

Samira had assumed some things. She had assumed she would come back and insistence would take over - the same kind of roiling tensions underlying all their previous encounters. He'd pin her to the bed, or she'd ride his thigh and after, she'd take her leave as things seemed to go between them.

Instead, a lazy Saturday if she's ever heard of one, with no discussion of what comes next.

They wake, on and off, for a couple of hours more. At one point, Samira feels him placing soft kisses to her neck; another, she slides a hand up and under his t-shirt, tracing the ridges of his spine.

They eat at some point, coffee gone cold. She enjoys the peace as she catches up on readings, as he naps atop her thigh.

Domestic, in an almost disconcerting way. Samira's not sure how to take it.

Cross-legged on his couch, notes sketched in the margins of another paper, she hears him puttering around in the kitchen.

"How much food did you bring?" Samira glances over, retort already on her tongue, and then her head snaps back straight.

Here's another problem: Jack wears grey sweatpants at home.

Grey sweatpants, slung low on his hips, exposing slivers of pale skin every time he stretches. Grey sweatpants, while his bedhead persists in a dizzyingly attractive way, scruff pronounced and bordering on obscene.

Grey sweatpants, that show off his fucking dick print -

"Samira." He says, and he's suddenly much closer, elbows resting on the couch. Glimpses him out of her periphery, pretends the article is enthralling. "Whatcha readin'?"

There's no way he can't see her pulse jumping. "Protective antibodies and vaccines." She clears her throat.

"Sounds interesting." His hand cups the back of her neck and massages mildly.

"It is." His thumb presses against a knot and she grits out a moan.

"Samira." Her name, again. And nothing's changed, not much. Except that's not entirely true, is it?

Jack scrapes blunt nails against her scalp, collecting a handful of her hair in his broad grip. She gasps, sound amplified when he dips down to suck at her pulse point. Her hands wander over his chest, having tossed his t-shirt as soon as his ass was on the couch.

It's different, somehow.

(Samira wonders about the distinction she continuously feels

compelled to make.)

The frenetic energy remains, a palpable thrumming whenever they're touching. But the desperation is tamped down and the countdown that haunts their encounters, as if they're on some false notion of borrowed time, is a faint memory. Jack takes his time tasting her skin and drawing the soft sounds.

Samira really wants to kiss him.

So she does; draws Jack up by the chin, teases her way into his mouth. Likes the way his hands clench and then release, a reminder of patience, of tenacity.

Pulling back, she sighs against his lips. "I want you." Samira's gotten much better at this, marked improvement across the board.

"You've got me." He assures, and isn't that comforting, isn't that reassuring. Isn't that the solid surety she's been searching for.

"Good." She says. "I am going to take a quick shower, though." Running around has left her feeling grimy, but more, she doesn't want to admit how much the bitterness of the morning, of her mother's presence lingers. She needs to rinse, to create the clear division between her there and her here.

"Not for my sake, I hope." He takes a deep inhale under her chin and if she lets herself think of the *implications*, they'll never make it off the couch.

"Stay put." She demands, a mocking authoritative tone.

Jack raises his hands, the picture of innocence as she untangles them. She's at the bathroom door when she hears,

"Don't bother getting dressed after."

The anticipation bubbles under her skin, shivering under the hot pulse of water. Nevertheless, she takes her time, draws out each step. Perhaps there is a bit of masochism lurking beneath the surface.

As soon as she steps out of the bathroom, towel wrapped around her chest, she detects the shift. Something's changed, but Samira isn't

familiar enough with his apartment yet. She swivels around, tries to recall.

And then Jack is at his bedroom door - those damn sweatpants hugging his thighs - gaze heavy on each ounce of exposed skin.

"Ready?" Voice light, as if he's asking about her day.

Samira nods, because she's no coward.

The armchair.

Of course.

How had she forgotten the ratty old thing, wedged into the corner by the stupid scanner -

Samira registers the placement of the armchair and her stomach drops, breath escaping all at once.

The armchair.

Sitting directly before the mirror.

You should watch yourself come in the mirror, Samira, and see what you look like. Then we can talk.

Holy fucking shit.

Samira feels hands on her waist, around the cotton.

"We don't have to do anything you don't want to."

Her heart thumps twice, back to semi-regular rhythm. Always the careful one, ensuring her eager participation.

"I know that." She says, a hiccup as his fingers skate over bare arms, goosebumps forming as her damp skin dries.

"I'd like to show you how beautiful you are." And there it is again, that buzzing, that surety displacing the previous feverish pace. Jack speaks like he's trying to convert her, like he has the secrets to some long-forgotten knowledge. "I want to make good on my promise."

His fingers dance around the small knot at her breasts, but ultimately come to rest. He's not going to untie it, not until he's sure. Even after all this time, after all these months. There's a comfort in that certainty, in that constant. That Jack Abbot will never push unless he is certain that's what she wants.

Samira finds that, when it comes to him, she wants.

She grasps the back of his hands, pushes them under the towel and releases the tension. The towel falls to her feet and Jack rests his forehead against her shoulder. She hears him breathing, feels one of his hands fall against her stomach, simply holding her for the time being.

Different, that's for sure. Different, but -

Good.

When he takes a seat in the armchair - chest bare, sinful sweatpants stretched taut - he pats his lap once. He stares up at her, calm and unconcerned.

She bites her lip. "Do you wanna take your prosthetic off?"

Jack's tongue rolls over but he gives it proper consideration. "No, I don't think so. Might need the leverage."

God, fuck.

Samira's hands feel clammy, her throat tight. They've fucked how many times now? She tied him *up*, for god's sake. And yet. There's a coil in her core that is mainly anticipation, but accompanied with a twinge of anxiety. She shakes her head, spins, and sits down gingerly on Jack's thigh. The heat through his pants makes her face blaze.

"Scoot back." He doesn't drag her, merely waits to assist her. She wedges herself until her back is flush with his chest, until she can feel the bulge of his cock under her ass.

Samira looks up and immediately shuts her eyes.

There's a tut in her ear, followed by a light nip. "Now doesn't that defeat the whole purpose, Dr. Mohan?"

If he thinks teasing her through this is gonna get her positive results, he's got another thing coming. It takes her a moment before she can peel her eyes back open, searching anywhere else.

"Samira." A soft sound, one that sends a shiver down her spine. "Look in the mirror. Please."

Her hands flex where they balance on his thighs, her tongue feels heavy in her mouth. But, eventually, Samira flickers to the mirror.

An arresting sight.

She sees herself - awkwardly perched, shoulders high, knuckles white. She sees herself - skin glowing in the faint glow of the lamp, the only source of light in the room. She sees herself - curls frizzing up as they air dry, face bare. She sees herself - the slope of her breasts, the curve of her hips, the indentations at her ankles.

Samira sees herself like she has never seen herself before.

And then her eyes stop as she meets Jack's in the mirror.

His gaze is somehow more striking, as if he's pinpointed exactly where the light reflects into her pupils. His face rests next to her shoulder, body slumped slightly in the chair, feet - one flesh, one carbon fiber - planted firmly on the ground.

"I want you to see yourself how I see you."

Samira is standing before she realizes it, hands clasped together, teeth worrying at her bottom lip. It's a bit too much for her, all of this. A bit in over her head, and all that.

She meets Jack's gaze - his real eyes, not the reflection - and he smiles at her. Not a smirk, no skepticism. An unguarded warmth that makes

Samira blush more than the mirror did.

"Another time, maybe." He says easily, and she knows it's as simple as that. No explanation needed. He starts to hoist himself up. Samira's hand stops him in his tracks.

"No." She says, hoping she sounds more sure than she feels. He pauses, but doesn't relax. "I want to."

Skepticism paints his features.

"I do. Just -" She searches for a distraction. "Music. That's what I need."

She's out of the bedroom before he can open his mouth, searching for her phone. She doesn't have enough brainpower to think, frantically rummaging around couch cushions, buck naked.

Jack hasn't moved - bless him - but he does give her one of those half grins as she waves her phone, shoots him a nervous thumbs up.

Samira chooses a playlist at random, prays that it doesn't have any of her weird shit on it. She's placing her phone on the dresser, taking a deep breath, when he asks oh so casual, "Do all of your dates get this playlist?"

She doesn't think twice when she responds, "What dates would I be going on anymore?"

The silence is a heartbeat in her eardrums. Her body is only half-turned when his hands are on her, backing them into the dresser. His lips find hers, groaning into her mouth. *There's* that desperation, that urging, that raw impulse. For some reason, she feels more grounded when it rears its head. Can already feel herself sinking as she grasps at his arms, licks into his mouth.

"Samira." He whines, hands sliding down and cupping her ass.

This she can do. This she can let herself bleed into.

"I wanna come." She mumbles against his mouth, a little uncoordinated, a little distracted by the feeling of her bare skin against his chest.

"I wanna make you come." He gives right back and it's that which has Samira dancing them back towards the armchair. "Please, let me make

you come.”

Any reluctance trickles out of her body as pure yearning wins out.

“Spread your legs for me.” Jack’s voice is gritty in her ear. It’s strange to not be able to see him - not to look him right in the face, she should say. Like this, though, she can witness everything: his eyes raking over her body, his hands grabbing at the inside of her thighs - high up, thumbs squeezing divots into her hip bones - and driving them open.

She refuses to look anywhere but at his face as she is laid bare.

“You can watch me for now.” He simpers, knows what she’s doing. “But you’ll get curious eventually. You’re one of the most curious people I know.”

The shudder wracks her body before she can stop it, a wave of desire rippling through her. The fact that he can say the words so casually, the fact that he can know her well enough to be right, the fact that she *wants* him to be right.

Jack drags hands up and down her body, slowly, reverently. She watches him, watching her. Can see her own body moving out of the corner, as he teases under her breasts, tickles at the top of her thighs. She’s still tense, hyperaware of how much weight she’s putting on one thigh over the other -

“God, you can’t take your eyes off of me, Samira. Am I that pretty?”

He sounds so *smug*.

Samira lets all of her body weight release in a second, sagging into his chest and hips. Jack grunts, hands tightening around her in concern. She lets her head fall onto his shoulder, blinking up at him. “Too heavy, Dr. Abbot?”

He smirks down at her. “Perfect, Dr. Mohan.”

Their little charade is put on hold so he can kiss her and yes, that’s what she’s been missing. The taste of him on her tongue, the soft way he kisses her. His hands come up to cup at breasts, thumbs rubbing over her nipples once, twice. The sensation sends bolts down to her core and he delights in swallowing her sounds.

When he retreats, he leaves a lingering peck at the corner of her mouth.

“Let me take care of you.”

Samira rolls her hips up to meet his hand, a single finger pushing in as his palm grinds against her clit. His other hand's got a firm grip on her breast, more an attempt to keep her from moving than anything else. It's a leisurely working over, a steady pace.

Jack's not as talkative as he usually is, though he's giving her hums and little chuckles when she makes a particularly impatient swipe at the hand fingering her. It sends a warning signal blaring in the back of her mind - not that anything's wrong, per se, but that he's teasing her, testing her.

That something is coming, later, worse (or better) than she can imagine.

But all of that exists in the recesses of her mind, as far back as her hindbrain, or so it feels. Instead, Samira is more interested in chasing her pleasure. She circles against the palm of his hand, sparks lighting up under her skin.

“Jack.” She breathes out, gaze drooping.

“I'm here.” He acknowledges, finger bending and pulsing against her sweet spot.

Her back arches, other hand digging into the armrest. It's a slow build, this orgasm. It feels like she can sense every synapse, every nerve ending as it starts to fizzle up. She's never been so acutely aware of its impending climax.

“Already?” Jack asks, curious. She catches his eyes in the mirror and he's wearing a lazy smile, a tilt to his head so he can see her fully. His eyes roam over her body, spending too long at where his finger dips between her spread legs, before snapping back up to her face.

Samira has no recourse, nowhere to escape to. But she finds she doesn't much care, either. It's been a long month, with hard cases and unintended research pauses. Her mother was here and then she was gone, and Samira -

Samira wants Jack to take care of her.

"Mhm." She murmurs, not breathless or wrecked, but content. It's such a contrast to their normal interactions, the current slowly traveling through her limbs. She finds herself light-headed and simultaneously tuned into Jack's movements, to the praise he mutters in an endless stream.

Her hips rock up, meet his finger, his palm. Her walls flutter, her toes curl, her thighs rise up, and Samira comes as Jack delivers a, "There she is." It's a sweet orgasm, the only way to describe it. She pants into the air, body tensing for but a second before she's sinking back down, pulsing around his finger in light waves. Her head spins, but it's a lovely little crescendo of a climax. She frees the harsh grip and pats his hand twice to let him know a job well done.

"I'm not going to stop, Samira."

"Huh?" Articulate, as always, when faced with him outside of the ED.

"Unless you tell me to, I'm gonna keep making you come until you look at yourself." He says it so matter-of-factly, the way he'd rattle off a patient's history or differential diagnosis, that it takes a minute to permeate the haze of lazy pleasure.

Samira chuckles, once. "You already tried the marathon orgasm run, remember?"

"You're not getting it." She catches sight of his expression in the mirror and her breath stutters. "It's not about how many times - though I'm planning on beating that record in the future." The hand laying flat against her breast trails up and catches at her chin. He maneuvers it - not hard, but exacting - until she's met face-to-face with her own reflection. "You're going to watch yourself come, Mohan, and you're going to like it."

"Fuck, you're -!" Samira cries out, Jack's heated palm hard against her thigh, keeping her exactly where he wants her. He grinds the heel of his hand into her clit, presses two fingers in harder, more direct. She has to curl her toes around his calves to keep her legs open.

"I know you wanna look." He's obviously grinning, so she shakes her head defiantly. A particularly strong grind of his fingers has her

abdomen clenching, her chest rising up. She has to balance herself, sweat starting to drip down her temple.

"No, that's you." Breathless, whiney. But she remains headstrong and persistent, and his chuckle is answer enough.

"I always wanna look at you, Samira." He acquiesces. "Why wouldn't I?" His fingers work, the wet sound somehow louder over the music. She tries to catch her breath, but it's like Jack can tell she wants to regain some control. And that doesn't quite work for him.

He uses the hand on her thigh to readjust, to snap into her ass with his clothed cock, hard and wanting. The whimper is past her lips before she can think to stop it.

"You're so stubborn." He observes, teasing but with an edge that makes her skin tingle, evidence he's not as unaffected as he pretends to be. "You hold yourself back. Why is that?"

"Trying to psychoanalyze me right now, Dr. Abbot?" She manages the quip, even as his fingers crook and rub insistently.

"Tryin' to tell you to *look*, Dr. Mohan." It's not a command, not an order. But -

It's tough to explain.

Dr. Abbot - the version of himself when he is in the ED, when he is working with patients and students alike, is a carefully composed man, able to strike a near perfect balance between expectant and supportive. He does not patronize his students, his residents, expects more from them because he knows they can rise to the occasion.

But he can get this tone, you see. When he's waiting for a student to reach the inevitable conclusion, when a resident makes a silly mistake. Not disappointment, not anger, not contempt. Closer to cunning, brattish.

He's never used that tone with her before.

Now, though. Now, as he nearly begs her to do what he says, Samira finds her eyes peeling open, her gaze straying from his hands on her body, up, up, up -

Samira Mohan was a gangly kid, as many children claim to be. She grew too tall too quickly, then stagnated at an average height. Her limbs were always loose, uncoordinated; her hair, thick and unmanageable; her skin, too brown for the kids at her stuck-up high school.

When she began college, Samira learned through research - as she did with most things in her life - how to perform her femininity, perform her sexuality to a degree. It was a means to an end, really; the end being an orgasm, if she was lucky.

Once she was in her second year of medical school, though, Samira's priorities shifted. She could objectively recognize that she was pretty: had nice features, her skin cleared up beautifully, her curls finally fell into a routine. But she didn't have time to perform for fun anymore. She had work to do, research to conduct, people to help. She had a career, a life plan.

Anything else would get in the way.

And then, one night, Dr. Jack Abbot had looked at her like no one else existed or would exist again and Samira felt slammed back into her body for the first time in years.

(He had looked at her before, of course. Looked at her all the time, gaze weighted and powerful. It sent shivers, made her feel the center of the universe for seconds at a time. But the bar was the first time she had let herself feel it, for all of it's worth. And the first time she had let herself look back.)

Samira's mouth drops open, chest heaving, as she watches Jack's fingers slide in and out of her. She can see the tension of her leg muscles, struggling not to shut around the onslaught of undivided attention. She can see his wrist bent, moving with a practiced rhythm. She can see her hips shift restlessly, a simultaneous attempt at escape and drive for more. She can see her stomach moving, abs constricting and releasing. She can see his other hand palming her breast, her nipples taut against the ministrations, against the cold. She can see her sternum, her throat, pulse jumping.

She can see her face.

Mouth parted, tongue darting out to wet her lips. Cheeks dark,

forehead scrunched. And eyes. Eyes staring straight ahead.

There's a wildness lurking in her expression that she's never seen before. A relinquishing, an acceptance. A want, so deep and primal, it's like she can't recognize herself fully.

Samira's not sure she's ever appeared so *alive*.

She is torn from her own staring as Jack moans.

"I *told* you, didn't I?" He grits out, then huffs in disbelief as her brows furrow. "You just tried to milk my fingers when you saw yourself, Samira. When you saw what I saw."

Samira isn't sure she's going to be able to withstand the pressure, not if he continues.

"Do you get it now?" Jack holds her concentration like a challenge. "Do you get it, Samira, what you do to me?" His words are punctuated by the pistoning of his own hips up.

Her eyes flicker back and forth, from his to her own. And she notices the darkening, the way his fingers become firmer, the way they tweak at her nipple. Jack is being driven to the edge just as much as she is.

But he's the determined sort, after all.

He rubs tight, persistent circles into her clit and Samira's body tries to jackknife. Her vision goes white at the edges, but Jack thumbs at her nipple to get her attention. "You're gonna watch this time."

Again, not a demand. A request, an instruction. As if he's walking her through a procedure.

She wishes she wasn't so good at following directions.

Samira tilts her head down, sights set under her brow. She appears almost in pain, but it's pleasure overriding anything else. Her chest heaves like she's been running, her legs constrict and release, following the same rhythm as her pussy.

"Jesus, Samira." Jack's fingers are purposeful. How he has come to learn her body so quickly is a testament to his skill - here and in the hospital. "You're stunning."

And then Jack's fingers stop.

Samira, confused and furious, gnashes her teeth. "Don't -"

"Repeat it back to me."

She cocks her head, mind too fuzzy to comprehend. "You're stunning, Dr. Abbot?"

Her frustration abates somewhat as he lets out a loud bark of laughter.

"Not what I meant, but I do appreciate it." He winks at her and her dimples pop. He doesn't continue, expects her to catch up - she's a smart thing after all.

Samira's eyes widen.

"I'm not going to say that."

He shrugs, picture of nonchalance, even as his hard-on twitches through his sweatpants. "Then you're not gonna come."

Her jaw tightens. One of her hands releases the grip on his arm, tries to find its way to her clit. He grabs her wrist as his mouth moves. "Samira."

"*Jack*." She hisses out.

Another stalemate, another bout of stubbornness passed between the two of them.

But because he's Jack - and because he knows her - his eyes soften. "Please." Places a kiss to her shoulder. "Just for you and me?"

Samira's stomach drops again. She doesn't have time to worry about why *that* works.

"I'm...stunning." She mumbles, barely above a whisper. She expects him to sigh, to cajole more from her.

But his reward comes instantly.

Jack's fingers pick up where they left off, heel of his palm working harder. She releases a groan, only a little quieter than his own.

"Yes, you are." He affirms and her core flutters. "Are you gonna come, Samira?"

She nods her head vigorously, body thrumming. "I'm gonna come."

There's no slow roll to this one, no sweet build up. Samira can feel the pleasure heightening, pulled out with no regard for how she's going to handle it. Her lungs are struggling to draw in air, but she keeps her eyes forward, not wanting him to stop again.

"Jack -" She starts, voice low, hand back to gripping at his skin.

"Yeah, yeah." She knows he's watching her without having to check. "You're beautiful."

"I'm beautiful." Repeating with no coaching this time, Jack bites into her shoulder, dragging a cry from her lips.

"Fuck you are, you are." He's babbling and Samira is at the precipice, driven as quickly by his loss of control as her own. "You're such a good girl."

Samira sobs out, "I'm a good girl!"

The orgasm forces her eyes shut, her chest up, her pussy into Jack's hands as he works her through it. A severity so extreme, his arm has to encircle her abdomen, clutching her to him.

"Breathe." She hears and a shuttering last breath escapes as she slumps into Jack's body once more.

Jack's fingers run the length of her body, regulating her, keeping her warm against the cool air of his apartment. An occasional tremor will jolt her body, but Samira feels pliant and satisfied in a way she hasn't felt since -

Well, since she last saw Jack.

"One more?"

Samira pretends her body doesn't alight at his words, pretends her waist doesn't fit back into his hands, pretends her pussy doesn't throb at how wrecked he sounds when she hasn't touched him. Not directly, at least.

She laughs weakly. "Don't know why I even brought my vibrator."

Fuck her life.

He had made her get up and retrieve her 'go bag' as he had mischievously called it. And by made, she means begged until she had reluctantly agreed because his devotion to her pleasure was infectious and giving Samira some kind of complex she couldn't afford to have.

It's a small thing, one of the cheap bullets she has to replace every nine months or so because she's too short-sighted to invest in something good. Thinks it means something about her, which is ludicrous.

She settles back into Jack's lap easily, turning so she can kiss him again. His hands map up and down her spine.

"One more." Whispering against his lips, Samira relents. Finds it's not too difficult to do, when he smiles at her like that. (And when she gets another orgasm out of the mix.)

He manhandles her, arranges her legs over his, soreness already forming at her inner thighs. He teases down her body, spends more time at her breasts, as he hooks his chin over her shoulder so their faces are side by side.

"Thank you." She watches his mouth form the words.

"For what?"

"For letting me watch." He meets her gaze. "For letting me touch you." His hands grab at her hips, grounding them both. "For making those perfect sounds." He tickles at her inner thighs so she giggles. "For indulging me this." He places a single kiss to her cheek.

Samira's heart pounds against her chest. She swallows, all words fizzling out until her mind is left a pleasant sort of blank.

Eventually, she says, "Thank *you*."

He echos her, mouth twitching. "For what?"

"Trusting me in your apartment alone."

His forehead scrunches, a bemused expression. "Pretty confident you weren't gonna burn the place down. There's no insurance money, if

you were wondering.”

“Damn.” She rests her temple against his.

“You’re welcome here anytime.”

She nearly misses it, probably would have if she wasn’t staring intently at his reflection. The way his jaw tenses, the way his eyes widen almost imperceptibly, the way his mouth presses down into a frown.

Not in regret, but as if he hadn’t meant to say it out loud.

Samira has a startling moment of clarity, that perhaps Jack didn’t offer his apartment out of immense pity or out of the altruistic goodness of his heart. That perhaps Jack had been waiting for such an occasion, such an invitation. That perhaps Jack knew he’d be returning home after a long shift to find Samira in his bed and that wasn’t an...uninviting notion.

Oh, Samira thinks. Except she’s given no moment to process the revelation because Jack - as he is want to do - decides a distraction is in order.

His fingers are suddenly at her wet folds and Samira bucks at the sensitivity. She’s reminded of the first time, when he had wrung four out of her, one right after the other. He presses a single digit in, leaving her clit alone for the moment. He’s slow, taking his time, letting her soak his finger before pushing in further.

A soft moan. “Don’t think you have time for teasing, Dr. Abbot.” She pushes her ass back into his crotch, likes how his finger stutters, how his breathing turns ragged.

“I have nothing but time for you, Samira.” There’s a rawness that catches her off guard, a weight to the words.

There’s no strength to hold herself up, but he’s as good a pillow as she could ask for. He has to hike her up a higher - fails to suppress a moan as the movement inadvertently rubs against his cock once more - to reach her, to work his finger in and slink his other hand down towards her pelvis.

The vibrator remains stagnant as Jack lowers it to her clit, idle rotations to get her used to the motion again. She doesn’t have to emphasize her hypersensitivity, her leaking arousal - he’s more tuned

into her body than she thought possible. It's another slow build, but this time with an aching anticipation of a bigger finish.

The vibrator clicks on and Samira flinches.

"Okay?" The words are matched by the removal of the toy, buzzing low but present.

"Yeah, yes." Samira tightens one leg as his finger continues a stable rhythm. "Just slow."

"You got it."

It's a push-and-pull, this dance they're doing. He teases around her clit, withdrawing the vibrator when her body starts to quiver, letting her calm down before replacing it. It takes some time before he amps up the speed - quick, sudden jerks juxtaposed against the unchanging pressure of his fingers, first one, then two.

At one point, he tries to remove the toy again, but her hand snaps down and presses it firmly against herself, jerking up at the movement.

Jack takes the hint.

He twists the vibrator in his fingers, gets it right on the side of her clit and Samira jolts. Her lips parts, wounded sound escaping at the *too much* of it all. Jack moans alongside her, concentrates all of his energy on working her over inside and out. Fingers massage repeatedly, while the vibrator buzzes. And something -

Something's different.

She's thought that already, she knows. But the inconsistency is not between body and mind, but between body and experience.

"Jack." She chokes out, frowning. "It's -"

No idea of what comes next, is the dilemma.

"Mhm." He peeks an eye out from his position, tucked into her neck. She tenses, thinking about how he can never seem to take his gaze off of her, even for a second.

Fuck, it's -

No fucking way.

"Don't." Samira smacks at the hand holding the vibrator.

He pauses, withdrawing the toy. "Don't what."

"I'm gonna..." Her lips are dry, her throat parched. There's an unfurling in her gut, a sensation she doesn't recognize.

(Which is not entirely true. She'd come close, once before, when he had dragged that fourth orgasm from her that first night together. A pressure, below her bladder. A self-consciousness gripping at her. A refusal to acknowledge what could come from following that rabbit hole.)

"Gonna come? That's the point, Mohan." He bites at her earlobe. She grips at his wrist, tight.

"No, like -" She's suddenly overwhelmed and not sure what to do with the heat, the force rapidly approaching.

Jack's tendons flex under her fingers and he stares at her for a long time. She sees his mouth working, sees the gears in his mind turning. He's a smart man, unfortunately, he'll figure it out sooner or later.

A morbid sense of vindication subsumes her when she's proven right.

In an instant, Jack transforms as understanding zings throughout his body. She can feel his entire body tense, observes his feet shifting reflexively. But it's his face, his eyes, as always.

Hunger.

That's what overtakes Jack as he thrusts the vibrator against her clit. A deep and profound hunger, greedy, uncontrollable. Samira thinks he would tear down anything in his way to witness what happens next.

"Yeah?" Jack sounds like a man possessed, out of breath and shivering with need. He ducks his chin, levels her with a piercing glare. "Yeah, you gonna let me watch?"

Fucking hell.

"*Jack* -" She tries to warn but it's cut off, morphs into a resounding whine as he fingers her in earnest, tracking every sound that leaks

from her mouth and adjusting accordingly.

“Jesus, Samira, there’s no stoppin’ you, is there?” His words are slurred with delirious want and his breath comes hot and heavy against her skin. “Every fuckin’ time, you find a new way to drive me crazy.”

Samira has the desperate urge to bite back - maybe grind against his erection because god knows he had to be at his limit an orgasm ago - but all of her focus is on the vibrator, on his fingers. Another wrench in her stomach, someplace lower. She shuts her eyes and then immediately reopens them, expecting his ask. But Jack is as far gone as she is, no longer able to drag this out.

Samira wobbles.

Jack fucks her harder.

“Oh - *oh, fuck - oh, fucking -*” She can’t get enough air into her lungs, can’t get enough oxygen to her brain. Her core tightens, her lower back seizes up. Samira wavers at the edge, and when she looks in the mirror she sees her expression.

Like she’s going to break, shatter. Like she’s going to topple over. Like she’s going to scream.

And then she sees him.

Jack stares into her eyes - drives everything he has into her - and gives her one, short, intense nod.

Samira falls.

It’s almost impossible to describe, Samira will think after.

It’s an orgasm, that’s for fucking sure. The vibrator presses harder and it kicks Samira off, body stiffening and fighting against Jack’s unwavering hold. It feels like it’s emerging from every part of her body, not just centered in her core. She sobs, scrunches up her face so tight she thinks she might give herself a headache.

But it’s a release like she’s never experienced. She clamps around Jack’s fingers, rolls against the vibrator. Takes and takes and takes,

prolonging the sharp sting.

“Fuck, *look at you*, baby girl.” It isn’t until she hears Jack’s loud, answering groan that she registers it all. The buzzing of the toy sounds remarkably wetter now and when he doesn’t pull it away, she clenches up again.

It lasts another minute or two - a surrendering, a wringing out of her whole core - before Samira is slapping at his arm. “Too - *too* much.”

The vibrator clicks off immediately, tossed to the side of the armchair.

Her body feels outside of her control, shivers and tremblings unceasing. Eventually, Jack moves her to one of his thighs and wraps arms around her body.

“You gotta stop movin’ on me.” He gets out, and Samira can’t afford to give his arousal proper consideration yet, static in her ears in the aftermath of three orgasms.

Samira starts giggling, changing into laughter, and soon she’s chortling into his chest.

“What’s so funny, huh?” He asks.

“Three!” Peals of laughter slip out. “Two less than your original promise, Ab - Abbot.” Falls back into hysterics.

“Oh, I can keep goin’, Mohan.” One of his hands slips down between her thighs, cupping her dripping pussy, and she chokes.

“Mercy, please.” She finally recovers, dragging him into a bruising kiss.

His eyes glaze over her face, assessing, mouth twitching up. “You were extraordinary, Samira.”

She has to escape his intensity, which is the only reason she sees it.

The mirror.

The mirror, and near the bottom, residue drying, as if someone took a spray bottle and -

Samira claps a hand over her mouth and her eyes slam shut, a mournful sound bleeding through her fingers.

“Oh nooooo. Oh no, oh *no* -”

“Oh, yes.” He remarks, predatory, fingers gripping tight at her bare skin. “Yes, you were somethin’ else.”

Eventually, Jack pries her fingers away, replaces them with his lips, soothes any lingering anxieties. His clean hand rubs against her arm in a gentle rhythm. The exhaustion overtakes her - not with as much force as the first time, but she’s definitely flagging.

But she practically laughs at the two of them, the script they keep following: Jack’s preoccupation with her pleasure; Samira’s accidental forgetfulness of his own.

“Shit.” With her legs curled up in his lap, she licks her lips at the small wet patch staining the front of those grey sweatpants where his cock threatens to escape.

Jack seizes her wandering hand and interlaces their fingers instead.

“You don’t want to?” Samira’s mouth twitches down.

Disbelief colors his face. “Samira, I always want. Anything you’re willing to give me.” Places a kiss to her cheek, to her lips. Her tongue darts out and he groans. “I really don’t know how I survive you.”

“Why do you think I stocked up on all that food?” Teasing, playful.

A laugh against her lips. “Good thinkin’, doctor. Now we just need some electrolytes.”

There’s a pause, where they breathe each other in. But Samira can’t help wondering.

“I could take care of you.” She winces a little at the phrasing, grimaces as Jack pulls back.

“Don’t say it like that. You -” He seeks the right words. “If I got to see you like *that*, and you never touched me, I’d consider myself the luckiest man in the world.”

The words settle into her skin, into her bones. And she appreciates the sentiment, she really does. Devours the sensation of devotion, of reverence, of undivided concentration. But -

“That’s not what I want.” Samira says, leaning against one of the armrests.

He gives her a fond look, just this side of lighthearted condescension, and she doesn’t want *that* either. He goes to open his mouth, but she beats him to the punch.

“I said, that’s not what I want, Jack.” Firm. Authoritative. She notes the way he swallows harshly, clenches his lips together. “I thought you wanted to give me what I want.”

He stares.

“I don’t want you to get down on your knees and only - well, no okay, that’s not what I -” She rolls her eyes as his eyebrows shoot up, as the smirk makes a rapid return. “Listen. I like your attention. I like when you...get like that.” She gestures aimlessly at all of him.

He squeezes her hand. “Get like what?”

She flushes. “All focused on me. Like it’s all you can think about.”

“What else could I possibly be thinking about when I have you?”

Samira has to bite at her cheek. “Right, well. It’s not that I don’t like that - I very much do.”

His mouth moves. “As you said.”

“As I said.” She fights the smile. “But I also really like when I get to focus on you, too. When we get to focus on each other, equitably.”

Jack mulls over her words. “Equitably.”

“Yeah.” She runs her thumb over his knuckles, enraptured by the scars marring his skin, by the calluses, by the hint of wrinkles forming. Thinks she needs him to really understand what she’s saying. She glances up, finding him already watching her. “It’s hot, you know that right?”

“You? That’s what I’ve been trying to -”

“No, *you*.” She insists. “Watching you come. It’s hot.”

Jack blinks once, twice, and then his head falls onto the back of the armchair, exhaling in a sudden rush. “You’re really gonna kill me.”

“Do I have to tie you up again?” She threatens, though there's no real heat. “Put *you* in front of a mirror -”

His hand shoots up to cover her mouth. “Saying uncle, Samira. Christ alive.”

A grin forms under his hand and he reluctantly lets her go, yanks her in by the clasped hand so she's resting against his chest. It's not the most comfortable angle - gotta be much worse for him - but it's nice. It's a nice moment, after an excellent evening, after an okay morning.

The stress of the day, of the week, bleeds out of her, and Samira listens to the crooning of music, listens to the thump of Jack's heart under her ear - resting heart rate of 67 BPM, excellent - listens to the faint sounds of the city outside the window.

Samira listens, and she smiles, and blinks a couple of times.

The next time Samira is blinking, daylight spills into the bedroom and she's under warm, flannel sheets. Her neck cracks as she finds the old alarm clock, sees it's midmorning.

She sits up, retrieves the pillow she'd just been passed out on, and precedes to whack Dr. Jack Abbot - who lies, peacefully asleep, next to her - in the back.

He releases a grunt, eyes flying open, arm raising instinctively.

She gets in his face, hissing, “You let me fall asleep *again*?”

His loud guffaw is the last thing she hears before she attacks him with the pillow again and again.

Chapter End Notes

mohabbot nation can't keep me away, i will return stronger.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

"Stop."

The word comes out pained, miserable.

Samira's hand grips hard at his base, staving off his orgasm as her lips pop off.

His head has tipped forward, heavy on his neck. He heaves in breath after breath, stomach clenching and thighs tensing at the pleasure ripped just from his grasp.

Samira grins, teeth gleaming.

"Good boy."

Chapter Notes

check updated tags.

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Samira gags, saliva dripping past her lips and down her chin. She's long given up on any sense of composure, reveling in the mess so antithetical to her usual orderly life. She's a trooper, though, and only takes a second of recovery before swallowing Jack's cock down until the tip almost touches the back of her throat.

"Samira, fuck -!" Jack's head is thrown back and that's how she knows he's close; he can't hold his nearly unbearable eye contact.

But he knows the rules.

So Samira works her hand up and down the exposed shaft that doesn't fit in her mouth, pulling up so her tongue can lave at the vein on the underside. Any second now, she's sure of it.

He's pushing this one farther. Samira's brows start to rise. And then,

"Stop."

The word comes out pained, miserable.

Samira's hand grips hard at his base, staving off his orgasm as her lips pop off.

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Samira grins, teeth gleaming.

"Good boy."

Samira Mohan planned the conversation from the beginning - every possible scenario, every question he might raise, every fault he might try to find in her logic. (There was none, obviously.)

They're sitting on his couch - because they do that now, loaf about in his apartment on the rare circumstance their days off align - and Samira's half on his lap. They're swapping lazy kisses, no real urgency, no concrete intention of anything happening next. Bellies are full and Samira's got a glass of wine in her, so she scrapes her nails against his throat - a move that always produces a delicious flickering of his expression - and asks casually,

"You ever tried edging before?"

Jack rears back, eyes darting over her face, searching for the joke. "What?"

"Edging." His Adam's apple bobs under her fingers - no pressure applied, she doesn't want to influence the results. "You know, like working someone up to orgasm repeatedly -"

"I know what edging is, Christ, Samira." He's got this dazed look on his face, like he can't quite believe she's real. "You wanna try that?"

"Yup." She pops the p and then immediately frowns. "To be clear, I'm talking about you being the one...edged."

His mouth twitches up. "Got it this time."

"The edgee?" He snorts and her fingers dance up to his hair, scratching at his scalp and making him pliant and comfortable.

"Can I think about it?" His voice is low, sleepy at the edges. She hasn't

gotten used to it yet, getting to see him - hear him - in this way.

"Sure." She says, though she can't keep the hint of surprise out. He catches it. "No, of course you can think about it. I'm just - you didn't give the ropes a second thought."

Samira smiles, so he knows she's teasing, curious.

Jack twirls a loose curl hanging by her ear. "I have to seriously consider what this could do to my heart, you understand."

Samira lets out an uncharacteristically loud laugh. "I'll be sure to have the AED in the room if you decide we're doing this."

Jack texts her a couple of days later, a simple *let's do it*. She finds herself smiling at the message, goofy and uncontrolled. Not just because she can daydream about how she wants to play with him, but because he actually took the time to think it over, didn't instantly acquiesce to Samira's wants.

Growth, would you look at the two of them.

Attention returning, she notes with curiosity the appearance of three grey dots. Then gone. Appearing, gone. She considers calling to put him out of his misery when his next message comes through.

Ropes again?

She inhales sharply, clenches her thighs where she's sat on the bus. Promptly locks her phone so anyone too nosy for their own good doesn't bother her.

Samira's got some videos to study, some articles to read.

When Jack opens his door on Wednesday - a serendipitous night off that they didn't have to wait an entire month for - Samira stands with her small duffel slung over one shoulder and a plastic bag in her hand.

He eyes both bags skeptically.

"Pedialyte and ropes." She states and skirts around him.

She hears his guffaw. "Now I'm gettin' nervous."

Samira tosses a grin over her shoulder, a hint of manic ferocity underneath so she can clock his reaction. It does not disappoint.

Samira taps her foot, arms crossed, line appearing between her brows as she considers.

"Differential diagnosis, Dr. Mohan?" He's all calm and playful cheek as he lounges on the armchair. They'd kept it in the main room and she's doing mental calculations as she twists the rope around her palms.

She's decided already, of course. But she likes the way his gaze keeps straying to her hands, as if she doesn't notice. Likes the palpable expectation.

Anticipation, and all that.

"Clothes off. And then I'll tie your wrists." Samira nods and stares as the apples of his cheeks start to pink up. "Nothing to attach them to, so you'll have to sit still."

"Yes, doctor." Jack stands, hovering in her space, maintaining eye contact as he strips his t-shirt off. She observes pale skin, the dusting of greying hair on his chest, the pudge of his stomach that she has the sudden urge to sink her teeth into. Glances up expectantly when his hands stop at the waistband of those fucking sweatpants.

Jack simply smirks.

Once he's stripped bare, Samira pushes his shoulder until he sinks into the leather. A hand snakes into his curls, places a solitary kiss to his lips, whispering, "Hands behind your back."

Jack doesn't move.

She bites the inside of her cheek, refrains from taunting *brat* in his face because she thinks he'd actually like that. Is glad for it when his hands trail down his right leg, unclasp the fastening at his calf, remove the prosthetic and the soft cover overlay, and rest them next to the chair.

"Alright?" He asks and Samira furrows her brow.

"Yeah, why wouldn't it be?" Genuine confusion. "It's what's comfortable for you."

Jack reaches for her hips instinctively but she wiggles out of his grasp. He smiles up at her, a small thing. "Ask me again."

She huffs, mostly with fondness. "Hands behind your back, please."

He follows her instructions easily, attention never leaving her face, neck craning when she steps behind and cinches his wrists together. It's a simple double knot - one he could rip his way out of with enough force if need be.

Tonight isn't about restraint - well, no.

Rather, tonight is about restraint in a different way.

Circling back, she surveys Jack's minuscule fidgeting, trying to get comfortable. His left foot keeps twitching, tendons tightening and then loosening.

Samira makes it a point to look at the whole of him.

Dr. Jack Abbot is built with all the compact strength and reserve of a man emerging from regimentation. The first time Samira saw him, she figured he was ex-military, ex-cop, something that would certainly annoy her. It was the way he carried himself: back straight, head on a swivel, eyes constantly searching.

And then he had opened his mouth and Samira's assumptions had gone right out of the window.

Former military sure, but current charismatic loser.

There's muscle packed into a solid frame, biceps bulging against his sides, stuck by his bound wrists. His chest, broad and slightly defined, his stomach only just gone loose with age. His thighs - she can't think about them for too long, if she's being honest. And his cock, already half-hard from her heated gaze.

Samira has thought about bodies for as long as she can remember: how they work, how they fall apart, the sum of more than their parts. It's her job that's often presented a block to seeing bodies - hers, others - as beyond their clinical presentation, beyond the necessities of eating, sleeping, breathing, working.

Jack might be changing that.

"Samira." He says it with a hint of warning. Her eyes snap up but she pauses, tongue heavy.

Pink marks his face. And oh, isn't this *rich*.

"Don't like being stared at, *Jack*?" She means it teasing, but it comes out as disbelief because the irony is so delicious she almost can't bear it.

The corner of his mouth twitches up. "Look all you want." He spreads his legs, knees bumping the edges.

Samira looks alright. She stays looking, even when she strips herself of her outside clothes. Even when she unclasps her bra and lets it fall between them. Even when she picks up his discarded t-shirt and tugs it on, inhales the scent of him, reveling in the deep hum he releases as it falls just right, ass cheeks peeking out. Even when she retrieves the pillow from the couch, sinking onto her knees between his sprawled legs. Even when she twirls her hair up, tucked away from her face with a clip.

Samira scrapes her fingernails against the sparse hair of his thighs, feels the muscles constrict. She wants to see how far she can take him with the first one.

"You know," she starts conversationally, "If I were a lesser person, I could throw your words right back in your face."

Jack's gaze turns questioning.

"I could say we should go for five."

There's a pregnant pause and then,

"*Samira*." The sound is ripped from him, wariness and a twinge of something she might call fear in anyone else except for Dr. Jack Abbot. His eyes widen and there's that twitch of his mouth like he wants to smile, but Samira thinks if the movement came to its natural conclusion, it'd be closer to a grimace. He's waiting for the punchline, for her own impatience to win out.

However Samira's feeling quite serene tonight, quite patient. More eager to see Jack fall apart in her hands than to chase her own pleasure.

But Samira Mohan is benevolent, above all else.

"We'll save that for another night."

His shoulders drop instantly and she has to laugh as the visible relief spreads through his body. He shakes his head at her, torn between wanting to scold for her torture and delight in her want to tease *him* of all people.

"Four should make us even."

(Benevolent, to a point.)

Jack's head whips up at Samira's words, as her fingers finally reach his cock. He inhales sharply at the feeling, though her touch remains light.

"I *gave* you four orgasms, Samira." Jack explains, hips quivering but staying firmly planted against the cushion. "You're tryin' to *take* four from me."

"Take?" She asks, incredulously. "As if you were entitled to them in the first place?" There's a hint of something in her tone - not meanness, not cruelty. But a factual assertion, a reckoning of the truth. It's the same tone she uses with patients who question her credentials.

Jack gasps as her hand grasps his cock fully, gives it one slow pass. She spreads the beads of pre-cum with her thumb, wetting her fingers so they can slide a little easier. Not enough yet, but this first round is going to be all experimentation. Samira is good at observing, good at noting things down, good at changing tactics based on data and evidence. Tonight is a class for her as much as it is an exercise in discipline for Jack.

He doesn't open his mouth, though she can tell he's vibrating with want at her cadence, at her boldness. There's something about exploration, about learning and discovery, about new partners and new wants and new desires and -

Samira's getting ahead of herself.

Her hand pumps with a loose grip. She wants to catalogue each of his sounds, his movements, his facial expressions. Samira wants to be *good* at this. Jack tracks her as she hovers her face over the head. Samira opens her mouth and lets saliva dribble from her lips directly onto his slit.

Jack moans, brow furrowing.

She collects the spit and uses it to coat her palm, his cock. Her speed picks up slightly, other hand gripping at the crease of his hip - grounding for both of them. Jack's left foot slides as he attempts to readjust, to move his hips closer to her mouth.

She pulls back immediately. His body freezes, and then his hips sink into the chair once more. She smiles, says nothing, and her hand picks up again. Jack's a gifted learner.

It's a short time before his breath starts to come quicker, before his hips start to flex, before his head dips down, eyes blurry but focused.

"You remember the rules, don't you, Dr. Abbot?" Samira is playing dirty because that was the plan since the beginning. It was built into this demonstration, part of the back-and-forth. It's what they both wanted.

"Yes." He manages before his mouth flattens into a thin line. Samira shrugs, lets another thread of saliva spill down and cover his cock. Jack groans through gritted teeth, but she trusts him.

Another minute and then he interrupts, "St - stop."

Samira's hand releases his cock immediately, letting it drop heavily against his stomach. She grins up at him and he huffs out a weak noise. "That's one down, Jack." She pats at his thigh, keeping her touch present but soft. "See how easy it is?"

He attempts a laugh, but it's more of a wheeze. "One was already too much."

She pouts. "Where's that night shift stamina you told me so much about?"

Eventually, Jack's breathing evens out and he loses the wild sheen in his eyes that's always dialed up when he's close.

Samira decides to take her time. She shifts on her knees, the pillow cushioning against the hardwood and massages fingers deep into the tops of his legs, into the muscles of his thighs. Jack tenses again, but then relaxes as her thumbs work out sore knots. She follows her

fingers with her lips, reverent kisses placed atop overused limbs.

"You don't..." Jack starts, swallowing audibly, and when Samira checks, she's delighted to see the pink has made a riotous return.

"If you tell me I *don't have to*, I'm going to chuck a journal at your head." Samira says plainly.

He rolls his tongue in his mouth, shrugs in an almost self-deprecating way.

"I don't do anything I don't want to do, Jack, at least here. Can we both agree we're on the same page about that?" She's surprised at the offense she feels, concerned that they haven't managed to get over this hill.

Jack catches her tone - because naturally he does - and sits up straighter, gives her a sharp nod. "Yeah."

"Good." She sighs, reassured, and then circles a hand around his cock without further warning.

A hiss is ripped from between his teeth. "Menace." She'd take him seriously if his eyes weren't gleaming.

"But you knew that." She quips right back and then resolves to put the banter on a temporary hold. With no small amount of glee, Samira's lips find the head of his cock once more and she swears she can hear his teeth clack together.

Determined to savor the feeling, she starts with kitten licks to his tip, his slit. Her other hand holds his base steady, pressure to keep him contained but not enough for any real stimulation. He tastes salty and warm on her tongue, like skin, like heat. She suckles lightly at the head, watches in fascination as his stomach clenches, as he attempts an aborted roll up.

"Sorry." He gasps out, expecting her to retreat due to his lack of self-control. And maybe she should, except his easy compliance is giving her a heady sense of power that's going right to her brain. So instead, Samira swallows his cock down in one go.

"*Shit* -" Jack tosses his head, left foot stamping down into the floor. When Samira pulls off, a single cough escaping her mouth, his eyes bore into her. "You're insane."

She frowns. "What, you don't like it?"

Jack's mouth drops open. "No, no, that's not -" Cuts himself off when she smirks, disappointed for being so far gone he missed her sarcasm. "Where's that AED again?"

"In the kitchen, don't worry." She laughs, resting one elbow on his thigh as her other hand pumps him lazily. His focus flickers between her eyes, her lips, and her hand, unsure where he wants to land. It's a new effect for him, indecision. "You're not as talkative tonight, Jack."

"I'm tryin' to remember how to breathe." He sounds winded. "It's distracting."

"What is?" She tilts her head, fingers following the vein on the bottom of his shaft. His entire body shudders and Samira files that information away for later.

"You." He replies. "Lookin' like that."

"Looking like what?" She leans into the ribbing because rarely does she get to exert this kind of power and control over the man before her, rarely does she feel the confidence to ask the questions and not want to shy away from the answers.

"Fishing for compliments?" He aims for roguish, ends on anguished as her fingers slide down and cup at his balls. "*Fuck*, I'm gettin' close."

Samira sucks at the head again as she hums in acknowledgement. Jack's biceps flex and she can imagine him pulling at the ropes. Can imagine them snapping, in fact, if he's pushed enough and that thought sends a shiver down her own spine.

Jack doesn't miss a single thing about her.

"What are you thinking about, Samira?" Panting out, he ducks his chin. She blinks up at him, coyish in a way she's not accustomed to but knows he'll get a kick from. And then she readjusts her grip, slides another inch of his cock into her mouth. Pokes the tip deliberately into her cheek, bulging.

Samira Mohan *loves* being right.

Jack stares at her for two seconds before slamming his eyes shut.

"Stop." He says, brow flattening, jaw clenching hard. Her hand stills

and she reluctantly releases, taking a deep breath.

“I was thinking about what it would get for you to break free of the ropes.” She whispers, fingertips running across his abdomen, watching the muscle jump. “Probably wouldn’t take much from you, would it?” She’s only half listening to herself, squirming as heat pools between her legs. The way he would strain, desperate to touch her. “The way you’d have marks on your wrists and everyone would know you like -”

“Samira, *stop*.” Jack begs, chest heaving and body trembling as he fights against the restraints, against his body’s inclinations, against her words.

His cock twitches and pulse, and she licks her lips without thinking.

“Could you?” She gasps out, mouth watering, suddenly delirious with need. “Untouched?”

Jack groans and she’s enraptured as the struggle plays out on his face: how his eyes keep opening and closing, wanting to stare at her, always. How his forehead scrunches up, his jaw tightening to bring himself back in check. How he takes slow, deliberate breaths through his nose.

She takes pity on him, remaining silent.

The tension seeps out in slow waves and his cock shifts back from a less angry red.

“I need a minute before we go again.” Samira’s own eyes flutter shut as his voice hits her, gravelly and high at the same time, like he’s still on the verge and could fall off at any moment.

As he collects himself, eyes unable to meet hers until he’s sure he won’t spill into oblivion - and *that* notion is inviting, making her veins sing beneath her skin - Samira begins to register Jack Abbot for all he is, for all he gives her. There is something to be said about a single, fixed point of attention. There is something to be said about your own pleasure emerging from the visceral pleasure of your partner. There is something to be said about tearing someone down to their bare bones, to their most vulnerable - about being *trusted*, fully and with no questions, to do so.

Samira feels powerful, and in control, and alive in ways she only ever feels in the ED. But she also feels an alarming sense of relief. Of witnessing, of being witnessed.

Something tugs in the pit of Samira's stomach and all that flashes in her mind is,

Found you.

And what makes it all the more profound is that if she vocalized this, Jack would know exactly what she meant. Inevitability, or something like that - if you believe in fate. But Samira and Jack are people of medicine and science. So some hard work and perseverance has to be thrown into the mix as well.

Jack Abbot is a hard worker, no doubt about it. He is a diligent man, a doctor with endurance for days. Samira is beginning to wonder, though, if four might have been a tad outside of his scope.

She licks a stripe from the base of his cock up to the very tip and then slides down about half of him. She uses her hand to cover the rest and starts stroking in earnest. Like Jack, she's a fast learner. Listens for the hitches of breath, the whines he tries his damndest to suffocate. Watches his thighs move, his hips jump, his head loll this way and that. He's antsy and uncoordinated - so unlike his usual countenance.

Samira feasts on it.

The blowjob is sloppy and she doesn't hate it, focuses on building a rhythm, something she can really work with.

Jack is a mess above her.

"Jesus, Samira. You're incredible. You're *fucking* incredible." She's not sure how conscious he is of what he's saying, but the praise settles into her skin. "You're so fuckin' perfect."

She sinks lower, swallows around his cock, and Jack makes a sound like he's been punched.

"Samira, fuck -" He's fighting the urge to fuck up into her mouth and while the thought is deeply arousing - and maybe they can add face-fucking to the list at some point - she hopes he hasn't forgotten

himself.

Samira and Jack both want similar things, in the end. But Samira knows that he'll kick himself if he doesn't get to four. Workaholic, overachiever, all that stuff.

She tries to get her nose as close to his navel, ends up gagging in the process, and that drags a long groan from Jack, has his chest pushing upwards and head shaking, before,

"*Stop.*" It's miserable, and it's dragged from somewhere deep within him - from a place where he desperately wants to do a good job, a good job for *her*.

So when Samira immediately pulls off, she rewards him with a, "Good boy."

She's glad for the foresight of a hard grip at his base because she thinks he might have come from the words alone if given the opportunity.

A helpless moan escapes and the tremors start to subside. He's muttering something under his breath - just curse after curse, Samira's pretty sure. Jack hunches his shoulders, his normally perfect posture defeated by three interrupted orgasms. The flush on his face is permanent, spread down his throat and onto his chest, skin mottled and warm to the touch. His nipples are hard, his abs are tight, and his cock wavers in front of her face - oh so tempting if Samira was any more devious than she already is.

Samira is sidetracked when Jack lifts his chin. His eyes are staring - as they always are - directly into her, pupils blown, focus unwavering. But they're red-rimmed at the edges, glassy and wet, and Samira can provide no rational reason as to why this drags a moan from her own lips.

Jack shudders, full body, and has to curl toes on his foot - is probably digging fingernails into his palm - to maintain his last shred of control.

"This is equitable to you, Samira?" Jack asks bewildered. He loves to toss her words back in her face, doesn't he?

Samira mulls over the sentiment she's aching to convey. His eyes are hooded, glazed over with want and desire and a yawning vulnerability and -

Jesus, he really doesn't get it.

(Samira will recognize the irony, later on. She will realize that this has been Jack Abbot's mission from the inception, to have her see herself through his eyes. Will understand the *why*, in the after.)

Samira slips one hand from his thigh to her own, under her panties, dipping into her folds. She gathers the pool of wetness, slicks her fingers up. Holds them up so Jack can see. Separates two of her digits, a slick string connecting them.

Jack's mouth drops open and he grunts, pants, demands.

"Let me taste."

She doesn't think when she brings them to his lips, just watches as he sucks on her fingers, a man feverish and starved.

"Samira, *Samira*, baby girl, please god -" Jack chokes her name out over and over as she bobs her head, as she twists her wrist on the upstroke and he keens, high and breathless. Jack's past reservations, any lingering notions of that pesky thing called willpower. He is pure embodiment and agitation, spiraled into a single, overstimulated body.

Samira wants to put him out of his misery. He's done such a good job, after all.

It's all enthusiasm, little real skill utilized, as Samira hollows her cheeks and sucks, as her hand gives a particularly brutal yank of his cock. He's rocking - unconscious and uncontrollable - breath coming in short, staccato bursts, face flaming.

Samira wonders if *she* could come untouched, just from the sight of him. Maybe not, but it'll be a close fucking call.

Her knees might be starting to twinge, her jaw might be aching, her wrist might be cramping, but Samira knows a mighty payoff when she sees one barreling towards her.

"I'm - *Samira*, I'm -"

She's already aware, cognizant of the thundering of his heartbeat in

his throat, the vibrations of his stomach, the trembling of his thighs. Drawing back, a string of saliva connects her lips to the tip of his cock. She breaks it to say,

“Let go, baby. You earned it.”

She uses her forearms to keep his lower body down as she works him over with two hands, a steady, relentless pace - the same kind he uses with her. His whole body is wracked with tremors as Samira witnesses the dissolution of control, the total collapse of restraint.

Jack stares, eyes narrow slits, brows scrunched together. She'd suspect he was in pain if she didn't know better. She meets his gaze, doesn't let up because she thinks he might need this, might need to see her own want and desire reflected back up at him.

Jack inhales sharply, his chest caves in, and his head ducks so low she thinks it would be much more comfortable if he just let himself close his eyes. He won't though, not until it's too much to bear.

“*Samira.*” Is what Jack manages to wheeze out at the last second as his orgasm slams into him. His entire body attempts to buck her off; she doesn't let him. His cock jerks in her palms and then his release is shooting in hot, thick ropes against his stomach. His groan transforms into a whimper as his eyes finally slide shut, as he tucks his chin to chest.

He doesn't stop coming.

Samira's lips part, eyes unblinking as his cock pulses a seventh, eighth time. White lines paint his skin and he's making a mess and Samira bites her own lip, hard, to stop the mirroring of his sounds.

Fuck, it's so *hot*.

His cock kicks a last time - there's nothing left, but he's giving it a fighting fucking chance. The tense line of his body starts to crumple and he flags into the armchair as if his bones have all but melted away.

Samira's hands remain on his softening cock. She's sort of dumbstruck, brain rebooting. Jack releases one wickedly pitiful sound and that snaps Samira out of her daze. Her fingers go slack - and they're streaked with his cum, she thinks idly, before remembering that she did plan for everything. She grabs the small towel sitting next to the armchair, right beside the bottle of pedialyte.

Once her hands are cleaner, she reaches for his legs again. He jumps at the contact, still hypervigilant. One hand rubs up his side - giving his cock a wide berth - and the other presses into his internal thigh.

There's a beat of silence, and then,

"Are you checking my femoral, Dr. Mohan?"

His voice is *devastated* and Samira's core spasms because, *fuck*, this is going to haunt her subconscious for a very, very long time.

"I have a right to be concerned." She sniffs and uses his body to leverage herself up, wincing at the numbness of her knees, the stiffness in her legs. Her own discomfort is a far off concept, though.

Jack hasn't opened his eyes yet and that tells Samira all she needs to know.

Her hands skitter up, so he knows exactly where she is, until she reaches his lower back and shifts - he's malleable in her hands and she's more than a little endeared, but also he's kind of heavy. Her fingers search for the knots, wondering if she remembered the lotion for his wrists.

As soon as the ropes have come loose, his hands snap forward and haul her into his chest.

Her yelp morphs quickly into a low whine as her still-clothed core meets his pelvis, and he hisses at the overstimulation. One of Jack's hands slips under her underwear, finds her soaked pussy, and pants out a gasp.

"Jack." She says.

His fingers slide through her wetness but Samira reaches down and grasps his wrist, yanking it away.

"Jack, please stop."

His eyes open immediately and find hers.

She's smiling. Of course she is, how could she not? Samira just gave this man the orgasm of his lifetime - she's feeling pretty confident about this assessment, will have to verify later - and the first thing he wants to do when he's free is get her off too.

But Samira wants to revel in the afterglow a bit longer. She's horny as

fuck all, but she's -

She's content. Content to sit with him, content to breathe him in, content to put her own pleasure to the side for the time being because she rarely sees him with the dazed expression on his face, with his body devoid of tension.

Damn it, Jack Abbot was right all along. It'll be an eternity before she admits it willingly.

Eventually, Samira forces him to drink his electrolytes as she wets the towel and cleans his stomach. She's as gentle as she can around his cock, but she doesn't smother the grin as he whimpers when her hand gets too close.

She drags him to bed and he knocks out the second his head hits the pillow. She considers herself a pretty good person - the bigger person, if you will - when she decides not to tease him in the morning.

Samira wakes with light streaming in through semi-sheer curtains and an arm heavy across her stomach. She yawns into the room, stretches, and smiles as the hand tightens around her waist, keeping her exactly where she is. She turns her head, is met with a nest of curly hair directly in her face. She's half-conscious as she runs fingers through, trying for order amongst the chaos.

Jack nuzzles further into her throat and she runs her other hand up and down his forearm, matching the motions of the fingers at his scalp. He *purrs*, she swears she hears it, and she's about to tease him - the bigger person thing forgotten - when he beats her to it.

"If I'm dead because of a heart attack, I have no regrets. And I'd prefer you didn't tell me." His voice is muffled by her skin and Samira starts laughing, jarring his body along with her own.

"You think anyone in the pitt would believe me if I told them what a drama queen you are?" She tugs at his scalp so his head raises a little,

yelps at the pinch he gives in retaliation.

“Yeah, because they’re all insufferable gossips.” He kisses a line along her neck.

“I bet you’re the worst of all.” Yanks on his elbow.

“I plead the fifth.” Bites on her pulse point.

Samira hiccups but he hears it, and she doesn’t need to use the handle on his hair to get him to move this time. Jack releases her waist, presses into the bed to lift himself, and -

Samira’s stomach clenches, not from want, but from deep affection.

He looks so...warm. Happy to be waking up to bantering and teasing and soft pets against his scalp. His eyes don’t hold the same intensity, made sluggish with sleep and a well-earned orgasm. But they still seek her out, always.

Something twists in Samira’s chest but it doesn’t hurt. Sort of feels like something slotting into place.

Samira beams and Jack’s mouth goes slack.

She hauls him in, a first kiss of many. Languid, calm. A waking up. A relaxing. The lack of urgency feels special, acute in a way she’s not sure how to describe. Jack wraps her into his arms, she cradles his head in her hands. It is comfortable, it is fulfillment personified.

It is sacrosanct.

Jack cups the base of her neck, presses his tongue against hers.

Samira slides nails down his sides, rearranges their bodies.

At some point, she loses the panties and t-shirt. Jack reaches fingers down, but she shakes her head, murmurs assurances against his lips as he settles between her legs. She doesn’t want the anticipation, doesn’t want the slow build-up. Samira wants him, now.

He lines up, she tilts her hips, and they meet in the middle, a gasp passed back and forth between their lips. There are no words that need to be spoken; they’ve discussed this all before. (Her birth control, his vasectomy, their shared test results.)

Samira sinks fingers into the meat of his scapula, drags him so they

are touching everywhere. Jack hooks hands under her thighs so he can scoop them up, press his pelvis in that much closer. Returns to cradling her head, foreheads pressed together.

It's a slow roll, no desperation. Jack doesn't try for a coherent rhythm, just presses in deep, over and over again. Their lips rarely part, only to breathe and barely at that. They're not chasing orgasms, as has been their righteous goal in all the times before. They are simply trying to be as close to each other as possible, for as long as possible.

Jack may mumble things into Samira's cheek, into her neck, she's not entirely sure. Perhaps she mutters things back. Words - their varied meanings - are unimportant, she finds for the first time in her life. Samira feels, completely. Thinks about an essay she read, years ago, by Audre Lorde. Thinks about eroticism, about deep feeling, about the sacred and the quotidian. Thinks about all that exists within the in-between.

Thinks about what exists in the in-between for her and Jack.

(Little, perhaps - or maybe, everything.)

When Samira does come, it is with a soft cry and a sniffle and kisses littered against her face. When Jack comes, it is with an exhalation from his lungs and a shaking of interlaced hands and kisses littered across his face.

"What's that mean?" Samira points at the small piece of art atop Jack's dresser, leaning against the wall (still nothing affixed to the walls, she smirks). Her eyes flicker closed for a second and she releases a grunt as he digs his thumbs into the base of her scalp, the smell of coconut in the air. God, he's good at this - but that's no surprise.

He shifts fingers up her scalp, massaging in the oil. "*An donas amach is an sonas isteach.*" The words come out clunky on his tongue. "Basically: out with the bad, in with the good."

She hums, both in acknowledgement and from his attention to her hair.

"My sister bought it from one of those kitschy tourist shops in Dingle. Ireland. She knows I love a good affirmation." He deadpans and

Samira snorts, loudly.

“Yeah, with your morning sun salutations?” The sarcasm hits him in the chest and she can feel him chortling against her back. “I didn’t know you had a sister.”

“Mhm. And three nieces.”

“Oh, I know you spoil them rotten.” She rolls her eyes.

He sounds fiercely adoring in his reply, “Yeah.” A pause. “You’re an only child?”

“Yup.” Samira rolls her neck. “The one and only.”

“There could never be another Samira Mohan.” He whispers into her ear and she hides a smile.

When he’s covered her scalp, Jack easily follows her directions in twisting her hair and looping it into a bun, securing it with her big clip. He hops out of bed, uses the furniture to maneuver towards the bathroom to wash his hands.

Samira checks her phone, finds it likely she’ll be spending the rest of the day - and maybe the night, again - if their current lounging is anything to go by. Finds she quite likes the idea, in fact.

Jack returns and glances at her phone. “Work?”

“No, thank god.” Samira pats the empty space beside her in the bed and then freezes.

When has Doctor Samira Mohan ever willingly passed up an opportunity to go to work? When has Doctor Samira Mohan ever been relieved - nay, elated - to find that work was not knocking on the door of her spare time?

It’s the most startling revelation she’s had in months.

And then Samira looks up and Jack Abbot is rearranging himself into the sheets, doing that charming thing he does with his mouth, and Samira thinks -

Ah.

(Found you.)

Samira licks at her lips. Samira feels a buzzing under her skin. Samira places a heated palm to his cheek and kisses him once, with all her might.

“Hi.” Samira says.

“Hey.” Jack says.

She leans into his side and exhales shakily, mind racing.

And then,

“You said something. Uh, last time.” Jack starts and Samira can hear how his heart kicks up when he starts talking.

“Did I?”

“Yeah, about -” He cuts himself off. Clears his throat. “About not going on dates. Anymore. Or implying it. Um.”

Jack Abbot is nervous and Samira feels a strange sense of vindication boil up, quickly tamped down by the realization of what he’s getting at.

Samira sits back up and turns around. Jack is already staring at her, cheeks dusted pink.

“I just let you come in me.” She states, matter-of-fact.

Jack chokes on air. Nods. “That you - yup. Yeah.”

The silence lasts a minute too long.

Samira sighs. “I’m not very good at this.” Reluctant to admit her flaws, her inability to be perfect at everything she tries her hand at, valiant effort or not.

Jack gestures at himself. “And I am?”

Samira snorts again. “We’re kind of oblivious, aren’t we?”

“Good thing we’re badass at our jobs.” He runs a hand through his curls. “Plus you gotta save all that beautiful brain power for your patients. They need you.”

“What’s your excuse then?” Except she’s beaming.

“I’ve got none.” Except he’s got this small, helpless smile on his face. “I’m sort of crazy about you, if you couldn’t tell.”

Samira’s heart beats, loud. “Yeah. Me too, sort of.”

“Yeah?” Jack asks.

“Again, I *just* let you come -”

“*Jesus*, Samira.” He scrubs at his face. Except he’s laughing.

Except she’s laughing. “I can save some of that brain power for other important things, you know. Like you. Maybe.”

She nudges his hip with her outstretched foot. He grabs at her ankle, finds her posterior tibial pulse. Eyes clear, her pulse steady against his fingers.

“I’m good, if you are.” Samira Mohan says, an echo from months ago.

Her heart beats.

Jack Abbot’s mouth twitches up. “I’m good, if you are.”

Steady, sure.

Chapter End Notes

So this is it folks. For real this time. We've made it to the conclusion of Indulge Me.

I want to thank each and every person who clicked on this fic, who left a kudos, who left a comment, who left MULTIPLE comments - thank you, from the bottom of my heart. This has been the strangest 30 days of my life but you have all been so kind and intentional and funny as fuck.

Come chat with me on [twitter](#) or [tumblr](#). I hope to see you all sooner rather than later.

Love,
HotelRaleigh

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!